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TO PORTIA AT BELMONT.

QUICK from fog and frost away,
Fly my song with greeting gay
To fair Belmont's lady fair.
Up, my song, to purer air —
Up like soaring lark in spring !
Quick as swallow dips his wing
Sianting to the summer sea,
Quick, away, with frolic glee,
Humble greeting, greeting gay,
To the Lady Portia !

She is good and she is wise —
She has shapen destinies ;
Swift of tongue, of noble speech,
Learning ever, wise to teach ;
Wise in counsel, firm in deed,
Helper in man's utmost need ;
Brave as wise, and true as brave,
Quick to feel, and strong to save :
Fly my little song, and pay
Honor to great Portia.

Wise she is, — and sweet withal,
Queen at life's great festival,
Queen of laughter ; keen of wit,
Quick to aim, and sure to hit, —
Laughing light, and laughing ever,
At the foolish jest and clever —
Laughing first and jesting after,
For she scarce can speak for laughter —
Who our thousand follies sees,
Antics, inconsistencies :
Wiser than all men, more gay
Than a child is Portia.

Bright on Adriatic sea
Plays the sunlight laughingly ;
Soft on Belmont lawns by night
Flows and spreads the fair moonlight ;
Countless years has Venice stood
Steadfast on the shifting flood :
Steadfast heart, unbroken will,
Noble purpose, matchless skill,
Tenderness of moon's soft ray,
Splendor of the southern day,
Charm of Venus at her birth,
Naught of malice, all of mirth,
Laughter, learning, love, and play —
All good things are Portia.

Fly, then, song, across the sea,
Fly to mirth and minstrelsy ;
And when thou dost see the trees
On fair Belmont's terraces,
Bow thee to thy lady's knife,
Kiss the hand that takes thy life ;
Take one kiss and breathe one sigh
When she cuts thy chord, then lie
In her hand, beneath her smile ;
She will laugh a little while —
For she laughs at little things —
Then perchance she'll fold thy wings,
Lay thee on her heart to rest ;
Then, my song, art thou most blest
On the home of trust and play,
On the heart of Portia.

Blackwood's Magazine.

J. S.

THREE ANGELS.

THEY say this life is barren, drear, and cold,
Ever the same sad song was sung of old,
Ever the same long weary tale is told,
And to our lips is held the cup of strife,
And yet — a little love can sweeten life.

They say our hands may grasp but joys de-
stroyed,
Youth has but dreams, and age an aching void,
Whose Dead-sea fruit, long, long ago has
cloyed,
Whose night with wild tempestuous storms is
rife —

And yet a little hope can brighten life.

They say we fling ourselves in wild despair
Amidst the broken treasures scattered there,
Where all is wrecked, where all once promised
fair ;

And stab ourselves with sorrow's two-edged
knife —

And yet a little patience strengthens life.

Is it then true, this tale of bitter grief,
Of mortal anguish finding no relief ?
Lo ! midst the winter shines the laurel's leaf :
Three angels share the lot of human strife,
Three angels glorify the path of life.

Love, Hope, and Patience cheer us on our way,
Love, Hope, and Patience form our spirit's stay,
Love, Hope, and Patience watch us day by day,
And bid the desert bloom with beauty vernal,
Until the earthly fades in the eternal.

Temple Bar.

F. S.

SUNSHINE AND SHADOW.

ONLY a bank of weeds, of simple weeds,
Of sweet wild thyme and yellow, scented
broom,
Of tangled grass, and slender wind-blown
reeds,
Of brown notched ferns and tall spiked fox-
glove bloom.
And yet a world of beauty garners there,
Low-twitt'ring birds, soft scents and colors
fair.

Only a narrow mound, a long, low mound.
Snow-covered, 'neath a wintry, leaden sky,
Unlit by moon or stars ; and all around
Through bare, brown trees the night-winds
moan and sigh.

And yet a world of love lies buried there,
Passion and pain, bright hopes and dull de-
spair.

Oh, golden bank, where sunbeams glint and
play,
Bloom out in fragrance with a hundred
flowers !

Oh, narrow mound, keep till the judgment-
day

The mournful secrets of these hearts of ours !
Then in God's light let joy and sorrow fade,
For near *his* brightness both alike are shade.

Temple Bar.

C. L. PIRKIS.

From The British Quarterly Review.
DR. JOHNSON.*

THE volumes placed at the head of this article afford a proof, if proof be needed, that the public interest in the great Chamber of letters is by no means exhausted. They do more than this; they show that an old and well-worn literary subject is not necessarily worn threadbare, but may be looked at in new lights and stimulate fresh inquiry. There are signs too in some of these works that the disparaging tone in which critics were accustomed to speak of Johnson as an author has given place to a more just and intelligent estimate of his powers. If Boswell's judgment of "The Rambler" and "Rasselas," of "London" and the "Lives of the Poets," is extravagantly eulogistic, the criticism of Lord Macaulay and others is too disparaging. The truth lies in the mean; and perhaps we are better able to adjust the balance now than at an earlier period, when it was the fashion not only to depreciate Johnson's literary work, but also the literature of his century. In this respect a notable change has taken place even within the last ten years. Rightly or wrongly, for evil or for good, the Queen Anne men have come once more to the front, and many of their works, as well as those of the Georgian era, have been not only edited for scholars, but published also as school classics. The result is the revival of authors who for a time were almost wholly neglected. We know more

in the present day about Pope and Swift than Johnson knew; and it may be even said that we know more of Johnson and some of his contemporaries than Macaulay knew. Our pleasure in literature and in men of letters is increased probably by the space that lies betwixt us and them. Time gives a distinct flavor to their works and lives, and a sanction also to our enthusiasm. We see with eyes unprejudiced all that was great in them, we forget or condone what was little, and we are more willing to learn from men who may be said to belong to no party or sect, and whose wit and wisdom are the common property of all. Moreover it is especially pleasant in these eager, anxious days, when no man who thinks at all can escape, or need wish to do so, from agitating questions and restless controversy, to retire for a little period into a green garden of delight which is at all times filled with bright flowers and grateful fruit, with joyous sunshine and soothing shade. Literature, which is the "thought of thinking souls," carries us at a bound out of the fretfulness of life into that peaceful garden, and as a noble representative of English literature a century ago, the name of Johnson is assuredly one to conjure one. We are thankful, therefore, to the authors and editors whose books supply a fresh occasion or excuse for once more evoking the venerable shade.

The late Mr. Lewes, in an introduction to Mr. Main's abridgement of Boswell's celebrated biography, observes that he regards it as a sort of test-book, and that according to a man's judgment of that book he is apt to form a judgment of him. It may certainly be said without hesitation that the man who does not enjoy his Boswell has no strong delight in literature; but when Mr. Lewes adds that "even the staunchest admirers of 'Boswell's Life' must admit that it is three times as long as need be," we are struck with amazement, since Mr. Lewes's judgment as a literary critic is almost always just and wise. "Boswell's Life" too long! No, not even, we venture to pronounce, when, as in the serviceable edition published by Mr. Murray, it contains all the notes of the annotators; and to our think-

* 1. *Boswell's Life of Johnson, including their Tour to the Hebrides.* By the Right Hon. JOHN WILSON CROKER, LL.D., F.R.S. New edition. London. 1876.

2. *Samuel Johnson.* By LESLIE STEPHEN. London. 1878.

3. *Dr. Johnson; his Friends and his Critics.* By GEORGE BIRKBECK HILL, D.C.L. London. 1878.

4. *The Six Chief Lives from Johnson's Lives of the Poets, with Macaulay's Life of Johnson.* Edited, with a Preface, by MATTHEW ARNOLD. London. 1878.

5. Clarendon Press Series. *Johnson. Select Works.* Edited with Introduction and Notes, by ALFRED MILNES, B.A. *Lives of Dryden and Pope, and Rasselas.* Oxford. 1879.

6. *Life and Conversations of Dr. Samuel Johnson; founded chiefly upon Boswell.* By A. MAIN. With Preface by G. H. LEWES. London. 1874.

7. *Dr. Johnson's Satires. London and the Vanity of Human Wishes.* With Notes Historical and Biographical, and a Glossary. By I. P. FLEMING, M.A., B.C.L. New edition. London. 1876.

ing it is as great a blunder to abridge Boswell as to abridge "The Faery Queen" or "Clarissa Harlowe." The genius of a poet like Spenser and of a novelist like Richardson needs ample space for its development, and he who has not the retired leisure necessary for gaining acquaintance with these authors had better let them alone. The charm of Boswell's work is to be found in its variety of details, in the consummate art with which the lights and shadows of the portrait are presented, and in the agreeable social footing on which the reader is placed, so that he becomes, as it were, a guest with Johnson at the "Mitre" or at Streatham, enjoys his humor at the club, and feels that he has gained a friend for life. No summary, however admirable—and Mr. Leslie Stephen's monograph is a masterpiece of incisive and appreciative criticism—can take the place of Boswell, who remains, in spite of all competitors, the first of biographers. That a man who could write so well should be the fool Lord Macaulay makes him is an extravagant paradox which scarcely needs confutation. Boswell, like Oliver Goldsmith—whose name it is difficult to mention without the addition of some tender epithet—did no doubt a number of very foolish things, but these foolish acts, for which Johnson often rated him soundly, did not prevent him from producing a biography which has no parallel in our literature. Macaulay's love of effect has led him in the article on Johnson to sacrifice truth to glitter, and no distinguished man of letters ever did more harm to another equally distinguished than was done to Johnson by the Edinburgh Reviewer. Dr. Hill has proved conclusively that that famous essay is full of misstatements, and its eminent one-sidedness has been felt by every competent critic. Let us not forget, however, that Macaulay has in some respects atoned for this injustice by a biography which almost merits the generous praise awarded to it by Mr. Matthew Arnold. Writing of the life contributed to the "Encyclopædia Britannica," he says:—

That "Life" is a work which shows Macaulay at his very best: a work written when his style

was matured, and when his resources were in all their fulness. The subject, too, was one which he knew thoroughly, and for which he felt a cordial sympathy; indeed, by his mental habit, Macaulay himself belonged in many respects to the eighteenth century rather than to our own.

Lord Macaulay's brief memoir of Johnson is no doubt an admirable piece of writing, brilliant it need scarcely be said in style, and full of picturesque details. Yet even this short narrative cannot be followed implicitly, for it contains a few not unimportant errors and some unreasonable statements. Mr. Hayward pointed out some of these errors several years ago in his account of Mrs. Piozzi's life and writings, and Dr. Hill has recorded others. They prevent this fine piece of literary art from being a trustworthy guide.

We know little of Johnson between the time when, after a short residence at Oxford, his penury forced him to leave the university, and the time when his labor had secured a competence and his reputation was established. He must have had a hard struggle for dear life. Think of Johnson as an usher, with his ungainly figure, his grotesque contortions, his mutterings and grimaces, and with the sensitiveness to ridicule common to men of genius! Goldsmith's picture of the miseries of an under master, in an age when the scholastic profession was held in no honor, shows, with some exaggeration, the physical privations and the contumely endured by ushers in those days; but Johnson had to bear in addition the horrors of a melancholy temperament. He was a hypochondriac, and he was in want; he had no aptitude for teaching, and one can well believe that, like Swift, his high spirit chafed at subordination and dependence. When, in spite of poverty, he added to his cares by marriage, and set up as a schoolmaster at Lichfield, only three pupils came to the strange establishment, and it is interesting to remember that one of those pupils was David Garrick. At eight-and-twenty he came to London, and endeavored to gain a living by his pen. Literature, no doubt, was as much Johnson's vocation as it was the

vocation of Pope, and in later days of Southey. He brought to it a mind of great strength and originality, a considerable amount of learning, extensive but unsystematic reading, a splendid memory, which never deserted him, and a critical faculty which, though narrow in range, was always powerful and fearless, if not always trustworthy. He brought also a love of men as well as of books, and that practical sagacity which so often fails the scholar in his intercourse with the world. These intellectual accomplishments, although combined with high moral rectitude and a manly doggedness of purpose, were for a long time but ill appreciated by the public. Literature in our day is perhaps as remunerative to its generals and captains as any other profession, but the rank and file of journalists and authors, if poorly paid now, may be accounted wealthy when compared with professional writers a century ago. In these days the merest literary hack can afford to "live cleanly," and a man with a tenth part of Johnson's capacity and knowledge would be assured of a fair income, but Johnson for many years could barely gain a subsistence. "Sixpences," he once said, "were scarce with him in those days," and he records how he used to dine at an ordinary for eightpence. It would seem that he had not always the means even for this frugal meal, and it is possible that, like the artists friend of his, whose career is described in the "Art of Living in London," he was only able to go abroad and pay visits on *clean-shirt-day*. Sometimes he was dinnerless, sometimes homeless, and sometimes, like Fielding and other men of letters of the period, was incarcerated in sponging-houses. It must be remembered, too, that the difficulties arising from the *res angusta domi* were not overcome after a brief struggle with fortune, but continued in greater or less severity through a large portion of his life. When at the age of fifty he sent his mother twelve pounds, half that sum was borrowed from a printer, and when the old lady died at the ripe age of ninety, Johnson wrote "Rasselas" in the evenings of one week in order to defray the expense of her funeral and some little

debts which she had left. Johnson's impecuniosity must be borne in mind, if we would form a just idea of his character. A man who had struggled so long with fortune, and had associated with such Bohemians as Boyse and Savage, was not likely to escape from the conflict without scars, and his roughness and occasional want of consideration for the smaller courtesies and troubles of life may be traced to this cause. He had no sympathy with tears wept over lapdogs; he was shrewd enough to see that the fretful and jealous cares, which take the charm from existence, are best relieved by conscientious labor; but he had a heart open as day to the demands of friendship, and real sorrow had no truer or more sympathizing friend. "Getting money," he once said, "is not all a man's business: to cultivate kindness is a valuable part of the business of life." Extreme want and the severe tax upon the energies involved in escaping from poverty to competence, are apt to make a man close in his pecuniary dealings. The discipline he had undergone produced a contrary effect upon Johnson. "He loved the poor," said Mrs. Piozzi, "as I never yet saw any one else do;" to them he gave a considerable part of his income, and, not content with almsgiving, he followed literally the gospel precept by assembling within his house the halt, the maimed, and the blind. Macaulay, by the way, observed that the chief recommendations of Mrs. Williams, whom he had placed at the head of his establishment, were her blindness and her poverty; but it may be remembered that Hannah More speaks highly of that lady's conversation, that Boswell credits her with more than ordinary talents and literature, and that she is termed by Hawkins a woman of an enlightened understanding. Johnson's partiality for Levett, who in early life was a waiter at a coffee-house in Paris, and afterwards gained some smattering of physic, is more remarkable, for neither in manners nor in conversation had this grotesque-looking man anything to boast of. But he had known Levett in the days of his own poverty, he appreciated his integrity, and when, after a residence of twenty

years under his friend's roof, the poor man died, Johnson honored his memory with the noblest kind of monument. It is possible, such is the mutability of literature, that the fine verses on Levett are unknown to some of our readers, and we may be therefore permitted to transcribe a few stanzas.

Well tried through many a varying year,
See Levett to the grave descend;
Officious, innocent, sincere,
Of every friendless name the friend.

In misery's darkest caverns known
His ready help was ever nigh,
Where hopeless anguish poured his groan
And lonely want retired to die.

No summons mocked by chill delay,
No petty gains disdained by pride:
The modest wants of every day
The toil of every day supplied.

His virtues walked their narrow round,
Nor made a pause, nor left a void;
And sure the eternal Master found
His single talent well employed.

Johnson's self-denial and generosity, it will be seen, were not fitful qualities. He did not, like some men, relieve misery in order to escape from the sight of suffering, but he put his heart into his charity, and made it the business of his life to live for others. We may add that he would have disgusted Archbishop Whately, for he gave lavishly to beggars, and the wise benevolence of our day may, perhaps, object to his habit of putting pennies into the hands of vagrant children, whom he found at night sleeping upon doorsteps, in order that they might buy themselves a breakfast in the morning. Very perverse, no doubt, thus to encourage street Arabs; but how one loves the man for his perversity!

Johnson published his "London" at the age of twenty-nine, and this masterly poem was appreciated as it deserved to be. Yet it failed to secure to the author a position in literature. At thirty-five Pope had attained pre-eminence among the wits of the age, and also a comfortable income; Johnson at the same period was in embarrassed circumstances, and for long afterwards lived the life of a hack writer. It was the custom in those days to publish books with dedications, and Johnson used his pen frequently for this purpose. "Though the loftiness of his mind," said Boswell, "prevented him from ever dedicating in his own person, he wrote a very great number of dedications for others;" and even when at the height

of his celebrity he did not refuse this or similar drudgery. At fifty-eight he supplied that "ingenious gentleman, Mr. Adams," with a dedication to the king of his "Treatises on the Globes," and at sixty-six wrote a preface to Baret's "Easy Lessons in Italian." "I have dedicated," he said on one occasion, "to the royal family all round." At that time reporters were not admitted to the debates in Parliament, and for many years Johnson, having a little groundwork of fact, invented the supposed debates, taking care, as he said, that the Whig dogs should come off worse. On finding, however, that these debates were regarded as genuine, he ceased to write them. Literature, as Lord Macaulay has pointed out, was in a transition state in Johnson's time. The age of patrons was over, but men of letters were not as yet able to rely with confidence on the public, and Johnson took his pay from authors or booksellers for this humble kind of work with no sense of degradation. Nor, indeed, was he degraded by so doing. A room, as George Herbert says, may be so swept as to make the action fine, and there was in Johnson a conscientiousness — strangely warped, no doubt, by prejudice — which gave dignity to his most trivial labor. No man could have held literature in higher honor, and few Englishmen have done more to make it worthy of esteem. He thought that a nation derived its highest reputation from the splendor and dignity of its writers, and he wrote with the sense that it lay with him to add something to that dignity and splendor. It is this sense that gives a character and human intensity to statements which in most hands would have no value beyond the intelligence they convey. Thus the preface to his "Dictionary" and the famous letter to Lord Chesterfield bring Johnson, as it were, into close contact with his readers, and compel them, from the touch of nature that makes the world kin, to sympathize with him as a man, instead of simply regarding him as an author. Some prominent critics of our own day would have met with a robust opponent in Johnson. One can imagine the contempt with which he would have listened to the cant of writers who affirm that there is no connection between morality and art, that culture is a law unto itself, and that, as one of them declares, an artist who, like Winckelmann, joins the Romish Church, not from conviction, but simply for his profit as an artist, "is more than absolved at the bar of the highest criticism." Art

is but one form of human development, and not necessarily the noblest form. A man is greater than his art, and special culture is worse than folly when pursued at the cost of all that makes life dignified and worthy. On the other hand, the artist's work, although not exempted from the laws of morality, is not to be solely judged by them. There is another standpoint from which it may be viewed, for art, too, has its laws; but Johnson, in his eagerness to discover a moral, seems to have forgotten this. He moralizes on every subject he touches, and preaches a sermon when criticising a song, or even when he is trying, in a lumbering fashion, to be sportive and amusing.

Johnson's place among the poets, like his place among critics, was raised too high in his own day and has been unduly depressed in ours. Argument and moral reflections are not wholly unfitted for poetry, and may be uttered, as Dryden and Pope have proved, in the impassioned language which is the special heritage of the poet. Many a passage in the works of these consummate masters of verse will make the reader's blood bound and his eye kindle, and the man must be unimpressible indeed who can read without emotion the concluding lines in Johnson's "Vanity of Human Wishes," lines once so familiar, and now, it is to be feared, well-nigh forgotten.

Where then, shall Hope and Fear their objects find?

Must dull suspense corrupt the stagnant mind?
Must helpless man in ignorance sedate
Roll darkling down the torrent of his fate?
Must no dislike alarm, no wishes rise,
No cries invoke the mercies of the skies?
Inquirer, cease; petitions yet remain
Which Heaven may hear, nor deem religion vain.

Still raise for good the supplicating voice,
But leave to Heaven the measure and the choice;

Safe in His power whose eyes discern afar
The secret ambush of a specious prayer.
Implore his aid, in his decisions rest,
Secure, whate'er he gives, he gives the best.
Yet when the sense of sacred presence fires,
And strong devotion to the skies aspires,
Pour forth thy fervors for a healthful mind,
Obedient passions, and a will resigned;
For love, which scarce collective man can fill;
For patience, sovereign o'er transmuted ill;
For faith, that, panting for a happier seat,
Counts death kind Nature's signal of retreat:
These goods for man the laws of Heaven ordain;

These goods he grants, who grants the power to gain;

With these celestial wisdom calms the mind,
And makes the happiness she does not find.

Both Coleridge and Wordsworth have found fault, and not unjustly, with passages in Johnson's verse, but they have failed to point out how much there is in it sinewy and grand in style—virtues in which the great poets who thus criticise Johnson are themselves sometimes eminently deficient. We do not care, however, to dwell upon Johnson's poetry, for it is not as a poet that he lives in the memory of his countrymen; neither, it may be urged, is his position chiefly due to merits as a prose author, yet in this respect his work is of no slight significance to the student of literature, since it represents some features of the age as well as of the man. He considered his "Allegory of Theodore the Hermit" one of the finest things he had written. To our thinking it is insufferably dull. The pompous solemnity of the opening passage is not fitted to attract a modern reader.

Son of Perseverance, whoever thou art, whose curiosity has led thee hither, read and be wise. He that now calls upon thee is Theodore the Hermit, of Teneriffe, who in the fifty-seventh year of his retreat left this instruction to mankind lest his solitary hours should be spent in vain. I was once what thou art now, a groveller on the earth and a gazer at the sky; I trafficked and heaped wealth together; I loved and was favored; I wore the robe of honor and heard the music of adulation; I was ambitious and rose to greatness; I was unhappy and retired.

Theodore surveys in a vision the Mountain of Existence. He sees Education, a nymph severe in her aspect and imperious in her demands, leading a multitude up the mountain, and calling out to one or another at every step that a habit was ensnaring them, a call which some heeded and some disregarded. After ascending the mountain for some distance Education resigns her charge to Reason, a bright power with piercing and awful eyes, who counsels them at their first entrance upon her province to enlist themselves among the votaries of Religion, "and informed them that if they trusted her alone, they would find the same fate with her other admirers whom she had not been able to secure against Appetites and Passions, and who, having been seized by Habits in the regions of Desire, had been dragged away to the caverns of Despair." Reason adds a number of wise counsels which, lest our

readers should yawn, we forbear to quote. Of course they were not always attended to, and of course many of Reason's votaries went astray, but Theodore surveyed the scene with more interest than we can do, and Johnson in the character of a hermit is not an attractive figure. There are but two immortal allegories in the language, and they were written by men gifted with a splendor of imagination denied to the author of "The Vision of Theodore." Johnson's allegories and fairy-tales are forgotten, and deserve to be so; his political tracts are more remarkable for prejudice than discernment; but his "Journey to the Hebrides" abounds with characteristic touches, and will always repay perusal. "The Rambler," sober and serious though it be—and its heavy attempts at humor only add to its solemnity—must have possessed some charm for an age which we are accustomed to think of as less thoughtful than our own. It contains, no doubt, a considerable amount of solid pudding, and the earnestness and sincerity of the writer give a certain dignity to what in feeble hands might be accounted commonplace. No less than ten editions, Boswell informs us, were published in London during the author's lifetime, besides those which appeared in Ireland and Scotland, and it is evident that Johnson's literary reputation was considerably raised by these essays. We read them now less for their own sake than for the sake of the writer; and as we read we wonder at the admiration expressed for them not only by men like Richardson, Young, and the mad poet Smart, but by Bennet Langton, then a scholarly youth of seventeen, who came up to London to gain if possible an introduction to the author. Posterity may be grateful to "The Rambler," since it gave Langton to Johnson, who proved through many years one of his best friends, and watched by him in his last illness. *Te teneam moriens deficiente manu*, were the affectionate words of the dying man. In the last year of his life he was one evening in fine spirits at the Essex Head Club, and called out with a sudden air of exultation, "O gentlemen, I must tell you a very great thing. The empress of Russia has ordered 'The Rambler' to be translated into the Russian language; so I shall be read on the banks of the Wolga. Horace boasts that his fame would extend as far as the banks of the Rhone: now the Wolga is farther from me than the Rhone was from Horace." BOSWELL.

"You must certainly be pleased with this, sir." JOHNSON. "I am pleased, sir, to be sure. A man is pleased to find he has succeeded in that which he has endeavored to do."

"Rasselas," that once popular gift-book, no longer holds a place in every young lady's library. Sir John Hawkins declares with characteristic absurdity that this tale is "written in a style refined to a degree of immaculate purity." Boswell, less foolish, but equally eulogistic, considers that if Johnson had written nothing else it would have made his name immortal in the world of literature. It was a great success at the time, and was translated into Italian, French, German, and Dutch. The points of resemblance "Rasselas" bears to the "Candide" of Voltaire, which appeared about the same period, have struck all critics; but there is no reason to believe that Johnson knew anything of the plan of that volume, and it is almost certain he could not have seen it. "Why, sir," said Johnson one day to Erskine, "if you were to read Richardson for the story, your impatience would be so much fretted that you would hang yourself. But you must read him for the sentiment, and consider the story as only giving occasion to the sentiment." This is not true of Richardson, whose "Clarissa Harlowe," despite its vast length, is one of the most enthralling tales in the language, but it may be fairly applied to "Rasselas." Read that book for the sentiment, remembering whose sentiment it is, and you will be repaid for the perusal.

The "Lives of the Poets" is Johnson's most complete and perfect work. Written in old age, it exhibits the vivacity and enthusiasm of early manhood, the strength of thought and perspicacity of expression which are the fruits of intellectual maturity. Power is evident throughout, misdirected sometimes, sometimes even obstinately perverse, but always carrying the reader along with the force of a resistless stream. Here, as elsewhere in Johnson's writings, the influence of the man is felt more strongly than the decisions of the critic. We are brought into union with an original and powerful mind, and are, as it were, vitalized by the contact. Mr. Matthew Arnold's estimate of this valuable work, or rather of the "Six Chief Lives" he has republished, is so wise and just, that we gladly transcribe a passage, premising that the poets alluded to are Milton, Dryden, Swift, Addison, Pope, and Gray.

Their lives cover a space of more than a century and a half, from 1608, the year of Milton's birth, down to 1771, the date of the death of Gray. Through this space of more than a century and a half the six lives conduct us. We follow the course of what Warburton well calls "the most agreeable subject in the world, which is literary history," and follow it in the lives of men of letters of the first class. And the writer of their lives is himself, too, a man of letters of the first class. Malone calls Johnson "the brightest ornament of the eighteenth century." He is justly to be called, at any rate, a man of letters of the first class, and the greatest power in English letters during the eighteenth century. And in his "Lives of the Poets," in this mature and most characteristic work, not finished until 1781, and "which I wrote," as he himself tells us, "in my usual way, dilatorily and hastily, unwilling to work and working with vigor and haste," we have Johnson mellowed by years, Johnson in his ripeness and plenitude, treating the subject which he loved best and knew best. Much of it he could treat with the knowledge and sure tact of a contemporary; even from Milton and Dryden he was scarcely further separated than our generation from Burns and Scott. Having all these recommendations, his "Lives of the Poets" do indeed truly stand for what Boswell calls them, "the work which of all Dr. Johnson's writings will perhaps be read most generally, and with most pleasure." And in the lives of the six chief personages of the work, the lives of Milton, Dryden, Swift, Addison, Pope, and Gray, we have its very kernel and quintessence. . . . I know of no such first-rate piece of literature, for supplying in this way the wants of the literary student, existing at all in any other language; or existing in our own language for any period, except the period which Johnson's six lives cover. A student cannot read them without gaining from them, consciously or unconsciously, an insight into the history of English literature and life.

This is perfectly true, but when Mr. Arnold advocates the publication of Johnson's "Lives," or of some of the best of those lives, for the use of young people, without note or comment to aid them in the study, we think his argument is open to question. The "trifling details" to which Mr. Arnold objects are no doubt an evil to be shunned. The commentators are too often skilled in making literature distasteful, and the editors of school classics, and even of some of the simplest works in English literature, frequently burden their pages with unnecessary notes. We don't want the dictum of a scholiast on a poet's flashes of inspiration; we don't want the poet's expressive use of words explained according to what Sir Philip Sidney quaintly called dictionary method. At the same time, signposts

are needed to guide a youthful student through the labyrinths and quagmires of our literature, and they seem especially needed in the study of Johnson's "Lives." For, despite his acute observation, his extensive knowledge, and his great critical sagacity, Johnson often failed altogether in estimating a poet's most poetical work. He had no ear for exquisite music, no soul for the verse which the singer pours forth with subtlest perception of harmony, and yet, as if with unpremeditated art, Johnson's amazing blunders in poetical criticism are familiar to all critics; but the young reader is apt to accept the judgments of such a man without question, and should at least be made to understand in what respects these judgments are narrow and one-sided.

"Do not let us," says Mr. Arnold, "hastily despise Johnson and his century for their defective poetry and criticism of poetry." We despise neither the critic nor the century; on the contrary, we hold that there is much in both which the modern versifier and the modern critic might apply with infinite advantage; but as a writer upon matters poetical Johnson is a warning as well as an authority, and we maintain that the steps of the youthful student would be made more easy and secure by pointing out the errors of his guide. Of Johnson's "Lives" there is, probably, little new to be said in the way of criticism. They contain a great deal that might well have been spared, for half the men selected by the booksellers for this scarcely enviable immortality have no title to the sacred name of poet. It seems strange that Johnson, at the age of sixty-eight, and with a reputation second to none in England, should have consented to write the biographies of any verse-makers the booksellers might choose to select.

I was somewhat disappointed [says Boswell] in finding that the edition of the "English Poets," for which he was to write prefaces and lives, was not an undertaking directed by him, but that he was to furnish a preface and life to any poet the booksellers pleased. I asked him if he would do this to any dunce's works if they should ask him. JOHNSON: "Yes, sir, and say he was a dunce!" My friend seemed now not much to relish talking of this edition.

Johnson's passive submission to the booksellers forms a curious contrast to the dogmatism and intolerance of opposition he so often exhibited in company. He must have known well that he incurred the risk of damaging his reputation by following the ignorant guidance of his

paymasters, and yet he submitted to their demands apparently without a protest. It is well, perhaps, that Johnson commenced the "Lives" with Cowley, since his knowledge of the Elizabethan poets was far from accurate or extensive. He confessed that he had never read a play of Beaumont and Fletcher; there are no intimations that he cared for or was at all familiar with the poet's poet Spenser; and the exquisite minor poets of that wonderful age seem to have been disregarded by him. The critic who could sneer at "Lycidas" was not likely to appreciate the dainty loveliness and ethereal melody of the Elizabethan lyrics; and it is probable that had Johnson lived in our day he would have laughed at Keats and written contemptuously of Wordsworth. Within his own range, however, Johnson's criticism is admirable, and there is nothing more masterly in our critical literature than his treatment of Dryden and of Pope. The details of the lives of these poets require to be supplemented by the larger knowledge recently acquired, but Johnson's comments on their poems retain all their salt and freshness. The parallel between Dryden and Pope is deserving of high praise, but we dissent from the author's judgment that both these poets excelled in prose. Writers, indeed, who possess, as poets must, a supreme mastery over language, are not likely often to fail in prose composition. Some of the finest prose we possess comes from the hands of poets and from writers blest with what Bishop Butler calls that "forward delusive faculty," imagination. Milton's majestic prose, though lacking in purity and injured by his partiality for Latin models, is always alive with the fire of genius, and is sometimes as melodious as his verse. Cowper, a genuine poet when he put on his singing robes, which sometimes unfortunately he forgot to wear, is perhaps the most graceful letter-writer in the language, and in more recent times the poets Southey, Landor, Shelley, and Coleridge rank with the most accomplished writers of prose. The rule, indeed, will not always hold good, for both Thomson and Burns were masters only of verse; but in general the poet's art is of infinite service to the writer who essays also to utter his thoughts in prose. In the case of Dryden, his facility in versification and "long resounding march" gave him freedom and perspicacity in his essays and criticisms. He knew what he wanted to say, and said it simply and forcibly; Pope, on

the other hand, is always straining after effect, and the fine passages in his letters lack the charm of spontaneity. He declared he could not write agreeable letters, and though he did not mean what he said, we think that for once he spoke the truth. In the character of Pope, as delineated by Johnson, there are traits which the biographer must have regarded with the utmost aversion. At first sight it might seem that no two men of letters could afford a stronger contrast than the sturdy lexicographer of Bolt Court and the delicate cripple of Twickenham. Yet there are points of resemblance between them which it may be worth while to notice. Pope and Johnson were the two chief representatives of English literature in the eighteenth century, and the supremacy of the poet was as incontestible in 1735 as Dr. Johnson's was in 1765. Both, though in different ways, were literary gladiators—men of war from their youth, who loved fighting for fighting's sake; both rose from an humble origin to a high social position by dint of genius and hard labor; both were regarded as dictators, and both, not altogether without reason, formed a butt for the lampooners of Grub Street; both were intimate associates of the first men of the day—Swift and Gay, Arbuthnot and Atterbury, Bolingbroke and Peterborough were proud to call Pope friend; and Johnson, as we all know, was revered as well as loved by Burke and Goldsmith, by Reynolds and Garrick. In breadth of intellect Swift was superior to Pope, and Burke to Johnson, yet the reputation of these great men never interfered with the literary pre-eminence of their friends. Both Pope and Johnson were ardent lovers of knowledge, and followed it under difficulties which would have crushed less heroic spirits; both suffered throughout life from painful bodily maladies, and the works of the poet and the moralist produced swarms of imitators, who, on catching Pope's knack of rhyming and Johnson's high-sounding periods, forgot that they lacked the wit of the one and the masterful sagacity of the other. We may remember, too, while noting a few traits which link two men who, in some respects, were wide as the poles asunder, the interesting fact that they were brought together by literary fellowship. At the age of nineteen Johnson translated Pope's "Messiah" so admirably into Latin verse that the poet is said to have exclaimed: "The writer of this poem will leave it a question for posterity whether his or

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mine be the original." And when Johnson published his "London" anonymously — on the very morning, by the way, on which appeared the first part of the "Epilogue to the Satires" — Pope eagerly inquired the name of the author, and subsequently recommended him to Earl Gower, who asked a friend to beg Swift to obtain a degree for Johnson from the University of Dublin, in order to qualify him for the mastership of a charity school, worth £60 a year, which, he added, would make him happy for life. Mr. Leslie Stephen points out that this circuitous application is curious as bringing into connection three of the most eminent men of letters of the day.

In the biography of Pope, Johnson may be said to have written the life of a contemporary; in that of Savage, he wrote the life of a man with whom for a long period he was on terms of close intimacy. This, beyond question, is one of his best works, and deserves the splendid eulogy of Lord Macaulay, who remarks that no finer specimen of literary biography exists in any language, living or dead. Johnson thought the life of Cowley one of the ablest of the series; and it is indeed so good that we cannot but wish Mr. Arnold had been a little less restricted in his plan, and included both these biographies in his selection. Gray's life, on the contrary, we could readily have dispensed with. It is unworthy of Johnson, who was probably influenced in his criticism by personal antipathy. "Gray," he said, "was a dull man, dull in company, dull in his closet, dull everywhere. He was dull in a new way, and that made people think him great. He was a mechanical poet." His odes he called forced and poor plants raised in a hotbed, and even went so far as to say that Akenside was a better poet. Gray, a timid, sensitive man, more fitted for the study than for the club, had no inclination to sit at Johnson's feet, and had little esteem for his critical judgments. Like Charles Fox, he is said to have disliked Johnson and declined his acquaintance.

It is unnecessary to discuss at any length the merits and demerits of Johnson's style. He himself allows that he used too big words, and the pompous movement of his periods has been turned to good account by the caricaturist. No doubt Johnson's written style is often heavy without being forcible; but at its best it is highly effective, witness the preface to his edition of Shakespeare, the "Journey to the Hebrides," and the re-

view of Jenyns's "Inquiry into the Nature and Origin of Evil." When excited by a noble indignation no man ever wrote more tersely or with greater force. We still read with a glow of enthusiasm the letter to Chesterfield, and admire the courage which dictated the laconic epistle to Macpherson. Like Macaulay, he is a great mannerist. If Johnson sometimes conceals weak thoughts under a heap of long words, Macaulay wearies us by useless repetitions, worries us by startling paradoxes, disturbs our sense of justice and moderation by palpable exaggeration. Both may be accounted great writers with great faults, and both have had the misfortune to produce a vast crowd of followers, who have been chiefly successful in copying their defects. It is perhaps too much the fashion to speak contemptuously of Johnson as a thinker. No doubt he sometimes uttered platitudes, and it may be readily allowed that we do not find in his writings those subtle and germinating thoughts which mould the life of a new era. His mind is not creative, but it is eminently practical and sagacious, and full of that wisdom which in no bad sense of the term may be called worldly. His range was narrow, his prejudices strong, his hatreds (he dearly loved a good hater) altogether unreasonable. For these and similar defects allowance must be made when we read Johnson's books or listen to his talk, and it can be made more readily now than in his lifetime. No great man, it may be granted, ever gave utterance to more bigoted sentiments. He declared that all foreigners were fools, and called King William one of the most worthless scoundrels that ever lived. We, however, who know Johnson better than some of the contemporaries who heard his violent and inconsiderate statements, know, for he himself has told us, that he often spoke unguardedly and from sudden impulse. "I say," writes Macaulay, "a thousand wild and inaccurate things, and employ exaggerated expressions about persons or events." In making this confession, Macaulay alluded to his letters. Johnson, in referring to his laxity of talk, has made a similar acknowledgment. "I sometimes say more than I mean in jest, and people are apt to believe me serious." The doctor, let it be remembered, was a humorist, and delighted in strong language. It was easier to say that a man who did not agree with him in politics or creed was an unmitigated rascal than to discuss the disagreement, and so Johnson said it. The words

might be harsh, but they implied no great bitterness; and even when his prejudice was suddenly roused, it was often as quickly quelled.

Early in life [said Hannah More] I was much captivated by the piety of the Jansenists, and one day spoke of them with enthusiastic admiration to Dr. Johnson. This called forth all his terrors. For the first and only time he broke out upon me in a voice of thunder: "Madam, let me hear no more of this; don't quote your Popish authorities to me; I want none of your Popery!" I was overwhelmed by the shock, and he saw it. His countenance instantly changed, his lip quivered, and his eyes filled with tears; he took my hand, and, in a tone of the gentlest emotion, he said, "Child (his usual address to me), never mind what I have said; follow true piety wherever you can find it."

Many instances might readily be cited to prove that Johnson, if suddenly stirred to wrath, was easily pacified, and that when he was conscious of having said harsh things, he was not too proud to apologize. He did not understand how it could harm any man to be contradicted, but he could be infinitely gentle when he saw that the wound he had inflicted had sunk too deep.

I shall never forget [said Miss Reynolds] with what regret he spoke of the rude reply he made to Dr. Barnard on his saying that men never improve after the age of forty-five. "That's not true, sir," said Johnson. "You, who perhaps are forty-eight, may still improve, if you will try. I wish you would see about it; and I am afraid," he added, "there is great room for it." And this was said in rather a large party of ladies and gentlemen at dinner. Soon after the ladies withdrew from the table Dr. Johnson followed them, and, sitting down by the lady of the house, he said, "I am very sorry for having spoken so rudely to the dean." "You very well may be, sir." "Yes," he said, "it was highly improper to speak in that style to a minister of the gospel; and I am the more hurt on reflecting with what mild dignity he received it." When the dean came up into the drawing-room, Dr. Johnson immediately rose from his seat and made him sit on the sofa by him, and with such a beseeching look for pardon and such fond gestures—literally smoothing down his arms and his knees—tokens of penitence which were so graciously received by the dean as to make Johnson very happy, and not a little added to the esteem and respect he had previously entertained for his character.

This anecdote corroborates Johnson's statement to Fanny Burney—that he was always sorry when he made bitter speeches. Who does not remember how, after treating Goldsmith rudely, he openly begged his pardon, and how Goldsmith

answered gently, "It must be much from you, sir, that I take ill;" and how, after startling a foolish young man who asked him in the Streatham drawing-room if he would advise him to marry, by answering in an angry tone, "I would advise no man to marry, sir, who is not likely to propagate understanding," he insensibly led the conversation to the subject of marriage, and spoke so pleasantly "that no one ever recollected the offence except to rejoice in its consequences." So true was the happy saying of Goldsmith, that Johnson had nothing of the bear but his skin.

In those days, and yet later, as everybody knows who is conversant with the periodical literature in favor at the beginning of this century, literary courtesy was far from a common virtue. Johnson, however, unlike Pope, never attacked his assailants in print. His harsh words were always said offhand, and forgotten probably almost as soon as uttered. "Sir," he once said, "a man has no more right to say an uncivil thing than to act one; no more right to say a rude thing to another than to knock him down." Johnson forgot these good sentiments when he called Adam Smith a liar, and when he knocked down the bookseller Osborne with a folio; but it may at least be said that, though far from being always successful in the effort, he tried to be polite, and thought himself so. "I look upon myself," he said, "as a very polite man." In spite of some appearances to the contrary, there is no doubt that in many respects he was so. To ladies he was almost uniformly courteous; he never spoke a harsh word to a dependent, and to children he was always gentle and kind. Women—young women especially—found a wonderful fascination in his company, despite his eccentricities. "They are perhaps," says Mr. Stephen, "more inclined than men to forgive external roughness in consideration of the great charm of deep tenderness in a thoroughly masculine nature." No strong man ever had a more tender and susceptible heart. At a tale of real suffering the tears would come into his eyes, and so, too, they would frequently when speaking of dear friends. Alluding in his biography of Pope to that poet's filial piety, Johnson says, "Whatever was his pride, to them he was obedient, and whatever was his irritability, to them he was gentle. Life has among its soothing and quiet comforts few things better to give than such a son." What Pope was to his mother

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Johnson was to his, and when at the age of ninety the good woman lay on her deathbed at Lichfield, in what simple and touching words does he bid her farewell! It is as if he had forgotten the long years of manhood that had passed and was once more a child. But, indeed, does not all steadfast love bring back the trustfulness and simplicity of childhood?

Dear Honored Mother, — Neither your condition nor your character make it fit for me to say much. You have been the best mother, and, I believe, the best woman in the world. I thank you for your indulgence to me, and beg forgiveness of all that I have done ill, and of all that I have omitted to do well. God grant you his Holy Spirit, and receive you to everlasting happiness for Jesus Christ's sake. Amen. Lord Jesus receive your spirit. Amen. I am, dear, dear mother, your dutiful son,

SAM JOHNSON.

Tender and permanent, too, was his affection for his wife, a woman twenty years his senior; who, if we may believe Garrick, was the reverse of attractive. But to Johnson his "Tetty" was beautiful, witty, and wise; and perhaps one of the happiest moments of his life was when she said to him, after the appearance of a few numbers of "The Rambler," "I thought very well of you before; but I did not imagine you could have written anything equal to this." No friend, however humble, was ever forgotten by Johnson, and it is affecting to read the following entry in his diary, about his "dear old friend, Catharine Chambers," who had been for more than forty years in the service of his family, and now lay upon her deathbed. When his mother was dying he had written, "Tell Kitty that I shall never forget her tenderness for her mistress." And now he cheered the faithful woman's last hours by a most affectionate farewell.

Sunday, October 18, 1767. — Yesterday, October 17, at about ten in the morning, I took my leave forever of my dear old friend, Catharine Chambers, who came to live with my mother about 1724, and has been but little parted from us since. . . . I desired all to withdraw, then told her that we were to part forever; that as Christians we should part with prayer; and that I would, if she was willing, say a short prayer beside her. She expressed great desire to hear me; and held up her poor hands, as she lay in bed, with great fervor while I prayed, kneeling by her. . . . I then kissed her. She told me that to part was the greatest pain that she had ever felt, and that she hoped we should meet again in a better place. I expressed, with swelled eyes, and great emotion of tenderness, the same hopes.

We kissed and parted, I humbly hope, to meet again and to part no more.

Lucy Porter, Johnson's step-daughter, had also lived for many years with his mother at Lichfield. According to some reports he had, like Harry Esmond, loved the daughter before wooing her mother, but his affection for her was tempered with discrimination. He calls her "dear sweet" in one letter, and hopes they shall never have reason to love each other less; but years later, in a letter to Mr. Thrale, he writes as if there had been some "tiff" between them: "Miss Lucy is more kind and civil than I expected, and has raised my esteem by many excellencies very noble and resplendent, though a little discolored by hoary virginity."

At the age of fifty-three Johnson escaped for the first time from the pressure of pecuniary cares. George the Third gave the famous moralist a pension of £300 a year, a sum which amply sufficed for all his wants: he is said, indeed, to have lived upon £80 a year, and to have given away the rest in charity. The comfort he now enjoyed made him idle, and for many years he was content to live on his reputation. His melancholy seized him at this time with an iron grip; for weeks he refused to leave his house, which was like the dungeon of Giant Despair; but when his horror seemed to have reached a climax, the Thrales came like good angels and carried him off to Streatham. For nearly twenty years he found a home and generous welcome under the hospitable roof of the wealthy brewer and his charming wife. Here he lived and reigned in peace, for his supremacy was never questioned; here his every want was attended to by loving hands, and here he met with the society that he enjoyed. The house which sheltered Johnson so long, and received so many brilliant guests, was pulled down several years ago, the park, long a wilderness, is destined no doubt to be covered with London villas, and the name of this great Englishman is unrecorded in the village. But as long as Johnson's memory lasts Streatham will be remembered, and so, too, will the name of Hester Thrale. In London his home in Bolt Court, with its motley group of inmates, could not have been attractive; but Johnson spent his evenings abroad at the tavern, or at the club with men like Gibbon and Reynolds, Goldsmith and Burke, and received the applause he loved as the first talker of the day. The reader must go to Boswell to hear how well he talked on these occasions, and to see

with what affectionate familiarity he was regarded by his friends.

In sad moments, and he had many of them, Johnson could say, in language almost similar to that used by Goethe, that he never passed that week in his life which he would wish to repeat. His melancholy was often profound, but he fought with it manfully, and showed at times in spite of it great buoyancy and mirthfulness. Humor and melancholy are twin sisters, and it was this mixture of thoughtful sadness and mirth that made Johnson so delightful a companion. He had the keenest sense of fun, spirits that at times might be called rollicking, not in early life only, but also when advanced in years. "Johnson," said Garrick, "gives you a forcible hug, and shakes laughter out of you whether you will or no." Johnson's own laugh was, according to Boswell, a kind of good-humored growl. "He laughs like a rhinoceros," said Tom Davies; and more than once late of nights did the growl of that good-humored rhinoceros awaken the echoes of Fleet Street. Roused up at three o'clock in the morning by his young friends Langton and Beauchamp, Johnson was ready to go out and have a frisk with them; and one likes to remember how at Oxford he proposed to Dr. Vansittart climbing over a wall; how, when on a visit to Langton at his house in Lincolnshire, the sage emptied his pockets and deliberately rolled down a steep hill; how he tried to make Richardson "rear;" and how, when in Devonshire, he ran a race in his stockings with a young lady, and beat her. "I have got the headache to-day," writes sober Hannah More, "by raking out so late with that gay libertine Johnson." And his hearty enjoyment of social intercourse, of late hours, of tea and good talk with men who, like Burke and Thurlow, fairly put their minds to his, shows Johnson's character in its most genial light. His exhaustless love of knowledge is another sign of the marvellous vitality which gave Johnson so much influence in his day and makes him still a power in our own. "Every human being," he observed, "whose mind is not debauched, will be willing to give all he has to get knowledge." On receiving his pension he said, "Had this happened twenty years ago I should have gone to Constantinople to learn Arabic." Like his own Rasselas, he was "pleased with every kind of knowledge." He was glad to listen to a man who could talk only of pig-iron, and once tried to learn knitting. "A man," he said to Boswell,

"would not submit to learn to hem a ruffle of his wife, or of his wife's maid, but if a mere wish could attain it, he would rather wish to be able to hem a ruffle." Robert Hall when he was past sixty, might be seen stretched upon his rug studying Italian, in order to read Dante; and Johnson, who entered upon every fresh labor with prayer, wrote at sixty-seven a brief petition, when he "purposed to apply vigorously to study, particularly of the Greek and Italian tongues." Greek, he said, is like lace, every man gets as much of it as he can. In his old age he read the *Æneid* through in twelve nights, and had great delight in it; and six months before his death he asked Dr. Burney to teach him the scales of music. This intellectual ardor remained with him to the last, and at seventy-two he writes: "My purpose is to pass eight hours every day in serious employment. Having prayed, I propose to employ the next six weeks upon the Italian language for my settled study." His acquisitions, according to Boswell, who wrote sometimes in "Johnsone," were made by "violent irruptions into the regions of knowledge:" he may be said to have devoured books rather than to have read them, and, like all book-lovers, liked to glance over the titles of books on the shelves of a library. "Knowledge," he said, "is of two kinds. We know a subject ourselves, or we know where we can find information upon it. When we inquire into any subject, the first thing we have to do is to know what books have treated of it. This leads us to look at catalogues and the backs of books in libraries." Johnson advised Boswell to keep a number of books about him in order that he might be able to refer to any subject upon which he wanted instruction at the time. "What you read, then," he observed, "you will remember; but if you have not a book immediately ready, and the subject moulds in your mind, it is a chance if you have again a desire to study it." His passion for reading did not, however, lead him to take much care of books. Wordsworth is said to have been so indifferent as to open a splendid volume with a knife that had been used for butter; and Johnson seems to have treated books in the slovenly way in which he treated his own person. He could not possibly have used them worse. No great reader, it may be observed, could be less of a bookworm. He was never, like Southey, a slave to his books, but considered that they were useless without a knowledge of life. He

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knew more books than any man alive, according to Adam Smith, but on the other hand, few men who have followed literature as a profession have lived more in society, and none, we may safely affirm, have enjoyed it more thoroughly. To talk was Johnson's delight; and so well did he talk that even Burke, a master in the art, was modestly content to ring the bell to him. In Burke alone had Johnson his match. "Burke," he said, "is the only man whose common conversation corresponds with the general fame which he has in the world;" and when ill, he declared that it would kill him to encounter Burke in argument. On one occasion Johnson said, "That is the happiest conversation where there is no competition, no vanity, but a calm, quiet interchange of sentiments." But this was far from being his prevalent mood. Easy talk across the walnuts and the wine did not generally suit Johnson. He wanted an opponent worthy of his steel. He delighted in the tug of war: he was not satisfied unless he gained a victory. "He has no formal preparation," said Boswell, "no flourishing with his sword; he is through your body in an instant." He liked to enjoy his talk leisurely. "John Wesley's conversation," he said, "is good, but he is never at leisure. He is always obliged to go at a certain hour. This is very disagreeable to a man who loves to fold his legs and have out his talk as I do." In conversation Johnson generally used the plainest and most forcible words. He talked on all occasions, and always talked as well as he could. Lord Pembroke said that Johnson's sayings would not appear so extraordinary were it not for his *bon-vivon* way; but we who read them in Boswell's immortal chapters find enough to justify his fame. Yet it is strange to think for how brief a period of Johnson's life Boswell was at his side and jotting down his words.

Of the seventy-five years [says Dr. Hill] that Johnson lived, he and Boswell spent not above two years and a quarter in the same neighborhood. If we exclude the time they were together in the tour to the Hebrides, which does not of course fall within the "Life," during scarcely two years in all were they within reach of each other. In these two years there were very many days, even some weeks, in which they did not meet, and often when they did meet Boswell did not make the effort to record what was said. Then, too, Johnson was in his fifty-fourth year when Boswell first met him. He was already at that time the most powerful talker, if not that the world has

ever known, at least that the world is ever likely to know of.

Readers will turn in vain to Johnson for any help towards the solution of the great questions, political and religious, which agitate society in our day. His talk relates generally to social matters, and is full of maxims that are of constant application in daily life. It is chiefly this power which gives him such a hold upon us still. The man who becomes familiar with Johnson's sayings in early manhood, will find himself continually applying them in later years. Next to Shakespeare and Pope, he stands, we think, pre-eminent for pithy saws and felicitous expressions; and the frequency with which his name is mentioned in our current literature and in the daily press shows that this distinction is acknowledged.

There is no record that he ever made a speech, but Burke said that if he had come early into Parliament he would have been the greatest speaker ever known in it. Lord North, it is stated, was disposed at one time to find Johnson a seat, but afterwards gave up the project, being doubtful whether his support would not sometimes be rather an incumbrance than a help. He feared perhaps that he might prove too honest. It is quite possible he would have failed in Parliament. Johnson never gave his mind to politics, and his political writings are his weakest productions. Neither did he care much for history, and declared with some ingenuity of argument that in historical composition all the greatest powers of the mind are quiescent. On the æsthetic side Johnson's nature was singularly deficient. He had neither ear for music nor eye for painting; he cared nothing for architecture, he always slighted, or affected to slight, the art exhibited by the actor. And his notions about poetry were very often mechanical. "I know," he says, "when I have been writing verses, I have run my finger down the margin to see how many I had made, and how few I had to make." For nature, too, the truest source of poetical inspiration, Johnson had no soul. To live in the country was to starve the understanding.

A primrose by a river's brim
A yellow primrose was to him,
And it was nothing more.

"Never heed such nonsense," he said, when his travelling companion wished to show him some beautiful prospect, "a blade of grass is always a blade of grass,

whether in one country or another; let us, if we do talk, talk about something." To Johnson a mountain was simply "a protuberance." He knew nothing of the rest of spirit that comes from listening to nature's infinite voices, nothing of the bounding joy that quickens the pulses of a man who is sensitive to her charms. Like Charles Lamb, he loved best the "sweet security of streets." "The town," he wrote in old age, and not long before his death, "is my element; there are my friends, there are my books, to which I have not yet bid farewell, and there are my amusements." He declared that there was in London all that life could afford, and that the happiness of London is not to be conceived but by those who have been in it. There was every reason why Johnson should love a London life and call a tavern chair the throne of human felicity. Never man lived more capable of filling such a chair, and we recollect with pleasure the noble service he rendered, while occupying it, to the cause of morality and religion. The position held by Johnson in London was unique. He has had and can have no successor, for the literary society of the metropolis is now too large and too varied to admit of a dictator. Since his day the world has seen changes which contrast strangely with the calmer and more stagnant atmosphere of the eighteenth century. Johnson cannot be said to have rung in "the nobler modes of life," or to have shot "into the dark, arrows of lightings." He was not a seer; he had neither high inspirations nor new messages to deliver. He walked along sturdily in the old paths, and even preferred stumbling in the old ruts to venturing upon an untried road. But if "to know that which around us lies in daily life" be the prime wisdom, Johnson may rank with the wisest; if to follow the light of conscience with unflinching courage be a mark of goodness, he may rank with the best. In the review of this great man's life we recall a thousand splendid qualities of head and heart, and feel tenderness even for his defects. Again and again we are forced to dissent from his preposterous statements and illogical conclusions, but we love him and honor him in spite of them. It is indeed often the case that the men whom we like most are the men from whom we differ most. Some great points there must be of sincere and hearty agreement, but given these, opposition in smaller matters is no barrier to friendship. For we learn, after

mature age has tempered the enthusiastic onesidedness of youth, to look eagerly for what is great and noble in men, and to overlook what we regard as intolerant and ignoble; we learn how much prejudice is due to training and the circumstances of life, how much deserves to be met with a smile rather than by an indignant protest, and so when we think of that side of Johnson's nature most open to detraction, we remember how much he suffered and struggled, how deeply conscious he was of his own deficiencies, how anxious to live as in the eye of the great Taskmaster. "The eighteenth century," says John Stuart Mill, "was a great age, an age of strong and brave men," and assuredly it produced no stronger or braver man than Samuel Johnson.

J. DENNIS.

ADAM AND EVE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "DOROTHY FOX."

CHAPTER VI.

ALTHOUGH the two girls spent most of the afternoon on Hard Head and the heights around, nothing was to be seen of the expected vessels, a disappointment which, Joan seeming to feel, Eve tried to get up some small show of having a share in, although in reality it was a relief to her that nobody was coming to intrude upon, perhaps dispel, her present state of happiness — a happiness so complete that she felt as if she had been suddenly transported into the land of her dreams and fancies, only that this reality exceeded the imagination in a tenfold degree.

In the beginning, at each turn she would seize Joan by the arm and excitedly make a fresh demand upon her sympathy, until, finding that Joan only laughed at such enthusiasm about a scene which familiarity had robbed of its beauty, Eve relieved herself by giving vent to long-drawn sighs of satisfied content. With something of that rapture akin to which the caged bird hails its newly-gained freedom did this town-bred maiden gaze upon the unbroken space before her.

Whichever side she turned, her eyes fell on a scene every feature of which was new to her — landward, the valley with its sloping, craggy sides; seaward, the broad blue belt of waters, out into which the distant headlands stretched with the shadowy dimness of an unknown land; overhead, the sun shining hot and bright,

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so that Joan, languid and drowsy, threw herself down and gave way to her inclination to doze, while Eve, well pleased to have her quiet, sat silent and rapt in the beauty around her.

Not a sound came to break the stillness, save when the gulls went soaring overhead with croaking cries, or the bees grew noisy over the nodding thistles. Surely in such a place as this sin and sorrow must be unknown, for with those one loved on earth who could be sorrowful here? This thought was still in her mind when Joan, suddenly awakened, proposed they should descend; and after stopping to cast a last look from the Chapel Rock they took their way back to the village.

"Oh my! what steps!" exclaimed Eve as she prepared to follow Joan down a worn-away flight roughly cut out of the solid rock.

"Fine place for pattens, my dear," laughed Joan, as, having recklessly reached the bottom, she stood waiting, inwardly tickled at Eve's cautious descent.

The sound of voices had by this time brought to the door of a cottage situated at the top of the landing-place an old woman, who, after giving a short-sighted scrutiny to Joan, said, "Awh, it be you, be it? I couldn't think w'atever giglet 'twas comin'. How be 'ee, then?"

"Oh, all right," said Joan. "Are you pretty well?"

"Iss, there ain't much amiss wi' me. I's iver so much better than I war thirty year ago. I doan't wear no bunnet now, nor no handkercher, nor that, and I can see without no spectacles. Awh, bless 'ee, if 'twasn't for my legs I should be brave, but they swells terrible bad; and that's where I'm goin' to, if so be they'll car' me so far, to Tallan beach there, to walk 'em down a bit 'pon the pebbly shore: the doctor says 'tis the thing to do, and the more rubbly the better. Who be you, then?" she said, as Eve landed herself on the flat beside them.

"'Tis Uncle Zebedee's niece from London," answered Joan, with becoming pride in her city connection.

"Awh, whether she be or no—wa-al, you'm come to the right place here for maidens—men to marry and money to spend. Awh, I wishes I was young agen. I'd tell 'ee 'bout it, and me as could car' me two gallons o' sperrits and a dollup o' tay, besides lace and chaney, and was knawed up to Plymouth and for miles

round. Why, I've bin to the clink afore now," she said triumphantly; "and they threatened me with Bodmint jail wance, but not afore I'd marked my man, bless 'ee: he car'd Poll Potter's score on his body to his grave, I'll warrant 'em he did."

"Ah, you've bin one o' the right sort, Poll," said Joan. "Folks now ain't what they used to be in your day."

"No, tine-a-by, not they," returned the old woman contemptuously: "'tis all for stickin' yerself up for fine madams now—dressin' out and that. This is the thing"—and she caught hold of the lace on Joan's kerchief—"and ruffle sleeves, forsooth! Shame upon 'ee, Joan, and yer uncle too, for lettin' 'ee wear such fal-de-lals! and Zebedee a sensible man as knows the worth o' such for over a guinea a yard and more."

"It hasn't got nothin' to do with Uncle Zebedee," said Joan, with a toss of her head. "'Twas Adam gave 'em to me, there now!" and she passed her hand gently over the delicately-textured frill which shaded her somewhat over-colored elbows.

"A bit o' sweetheartin', was it? But there! don't 'ee trust to un, Joan: he isn't a-thinkin' of *you*, take my word for that;" and she raised her voice to call after Joan, who at the first words of warning had run down the remaining steps.

"Don't you make too sure o' that," Joan called back, turning round under pretence of seeing that Eve was coming.

"All right, only doan't you, nayther," said the old woman emphatically. "So you be his chield?" she said, looking at Eve as she passed by; "and a nice raskallion rogue he war," she added with a sigh; "but for a' that I was mazed after un, though he couldn't abide me: more's the pity, p'r'aps, for he might ha' bin alive now, though that's nothin' much, nayther. 'Tis a poor tale of it when 't comes to naught else but lookin' on: if 'twarn't for the little they brings me freight free, and the bit o' haggle I has o'er it, I'd as soon be out of it as here."

The concluding sentence of these reflections was lost upon Eve, as she had already overtaken Joan, whose flushed face betrayed the annoyance old Poll's words had caused.

"Why, Joan, I do believe you are a sly one," said Eve, "and that for all you say, Adam's more than a cousin to you."

"No, indeed he's not," replied Joan quickly; "so don't take that into yer head, Eve. You'll soon hear from all

around who's got a soft place for me, but 'tisn't Adam, mind: folks brought up together from babies never turn into lovers somehow."

"Don't you think so?" said Eve. "Oh, I don't know that: I've heard tell of several who've thought different, and have married."

"Have 'ee? What! people you've knowed?" said Joan, earnestly—"they who've always lived together in one house, as we've done? I should like to hear about 'em, if 'twas only out of curiosity's sake."

But, unfortunately, when put to the test Eve was unable by further experience to substantiate her statement, and could only repeat that, though she could not bring their histories clearly to her mind, she felt certain she had heard of such people; and Joan shook her head disappointedly, saying, in an incredulous voice, "Ah, I can't credit it: it doesn't seem likely to me that ever such a thing could come to pass." And she turned aside to speak to a comely-looking woman who came out to the door of a near-by house they were passing.

"Well, Joan, who've 'ee got there?" she called out.

Eve, in order to allow of the question being freely answered, turned to look at the quaint, weatherbeaten pier. Fortunately, it was high water, and the unsightly deposits, often offensive to the nose as well as the eyes, were hidden from view.

Everything seemed bathed in sunlight and pervaded by a soft, drowsy quiet. A group of aged men leaned over and against the bridge, enjoying a chat together; some boys lounged about the neighboring rocks and seemingly played at catching fish; with these exceptions the whole village seemed delivered up to women.

"Tain't much of a place to look at now," said a voice near.

And turning, Eve found it came from the woman belonging to the house, into which Joan had by this time entered.

"Polperro's a proper poor, wisht place when the boats is out."

"Why, are there more boats than are here now?" asked Eve.

"What d'ee mane—than these here? Why, bless the maid! how do 'ee think they'm to reach Guarnsey and places in such-like as they? Why, did 'ee never see a lugger? No? Well, then, us has got somethin' to show 'ee, for all you've come fra London."

"Oh, you've many things here that I wouldn't change for all the sights London can show," said Eve, promptly.

"We have? Why, what be they, then?"

"The country and the sea all around, and everything so still and quiet. I was thinking, as I sat looking out upon it all up on top there, that the people here must be forced to be very good."

"My life!" exclaimed the woman, turning round to Joan, "'tis time her was cut for the simples. Why, do 'ee know," she said, addressing Eve, "that there ain't a place far nor near that's to — But there," she interrupted, "I won't tell 'ee. I'll only ax 'ee this much: come down here this time next week, and tell me what ye thinks of it then. 'Still and quiet, and forced to be good!'" she repeated. "Well, I'm blest! Why, was 'ee born innocent, or have 'ee bin took so all of a sudden?"

Poor Eve blushed confusedly, feeling, without knowing how, that she had been guilty of displaying some unusual want of sense; while Joan, annoyed at her being so openly laughed at, exclaimed angrily, "Don't take no notice o' what she says, Eve: she's always telling up a passel o' nonsense. And so 'tis just what Eve says," she added sympathetically—"a stoopid old place half its time, with nobody to see, and nothin' to look at. If uncle don't come by to-morrow we two'll go to Looe or Fowey, or somewheres: we won't die o' the dismsals in this old dungeon of a hawl. Why, t' sodgers 'ud be better than nobody, I do declare!"

"'Tis so well to wish for t' press-gang, while you'm 'bout it," laughed the woman; "and I don't know but you mightn't give 'em a welcome neither, if they'd only lind their way up to Crumplehorne and fall in with our Sammy a-twiddlin' his thumbs. Have 'ee took her up to see yer mother yet?" she asked, jerking her finger toward Eve, whose attention was by this time completely engrossed in examining the contents of the well-furnished dresser. "I say," she said, answering Joan's pout and shake of the head, "there'll be a pretty how-de-do if you doan't: her was down here sighing and groanin' her insides out 'cos somebody'd ha' told her they seed 'ee to the wrastlin'-match. As I said, 'Why, what be 'ee makin' that noise about, then? There was as honest women there as your Joan, or her mother afore her.' I ha'n't a-got patience with anybody settin' theirselves up so 'cos they chance to come fra Bodmint. 'Fower

wa-alls and a turnkey,' as old Bungey said when they axed what he'd seed there; and that's purty much about it, I reckon — leastwise with most that makes that journey. Still, if I was you, Joan, I'd take her up, 'cos her knaws her's here: Sammy's a-told her that."

Joan spent a few minutes in reflection: then she said, "Eve, what d'ye say? wilt 'ee go up and see mother?"

"Eh, Joan! mother — what, your mother? Yes, I should like to very much. I was so taken up with all this beautiful china," she said apologetically, "that I wasn't listening to what you were talking about."

"Doesn't her clip her words?" said the hostess, who was a relation to Joan on the father's side. "'Tis a purty way o' talkin', though, and's all of a piece with her. You've a-lost somebody, my dear, haven't 'ee?" she asked, looking at Eve's black gown.

"Yes, my mother," said Eve, surprised at the tone of sympathy the questioner was able to throw into her voice.

"Ah, that's a sore loss, that is. I've a-lost my awn mother, so I can tell. Poor old saw! I thinks I sees her now. When we childern had bin off, nobody knows how long, and her worritin' and thinkin' us was to bottom o' say, her'd come out with a girt big stick and her'd leather us till her couldn't stand, and call us all the raskil rogues her could lay her tongue to. I often thinks of it now, and it brings back her words to me. 'You may find another husband,' her'd say, 'or another chield, but there's niver but the wan mother.' And some o' that chaney there was hers. Well, that very cup and sarcer you'm lookin' at now belonged to she; and so you take it, my dear, and keep it. No nonsense, but you shall now;" for Eve was protesting against accepting such a present. "I will only get broked up into shreds here; and if her was alive you'd a-bin welcome to th' whole dresserful, her was such a free-handed woman. Chaney, tay, liquor, no matter what: so long as she'd got she'd give."

"I think you must take after her," said Eve, rather embarrassed by such unexpected generosity; "but I really feel as if I was taking advantage of your goodness. I shall be afraid to admire anything again, though that'll be hard to do in a place like this, where everybody's got such lots of lovely things."

"Oh, 'twont be long afore you'll have as good as any one; for, for sure, they'll

niver let 'er go back agen. So you'd better write to the baws you've left behind and tell them so to wance."

Eve gave a shake of her head, which served the double duty of disowning the impeachment of a beau and bidding farewell; and the two girls turned up the street, and, only waiting to deposit Eve's cup in a safe keeping-place, they took their way toward Crumplehorne.

The road recalled to Eve's recollection the way by which she had come, though it seemed impossible that it was only on the previous evening that she had traversed it for the first time. The varied scenes she had looked upon, the sensations she had passed through, had spread the day over a much longer space of time than that occupied by twenty-four hours. Already Joan had made her feel as if she was a friend whom she had known for years. Even the people whom she casually met broke the ice of first acquaintanceship by such a decided plunge that she was at once at home with them. Altogether a new phase of life had opened for her, and had suddenly swallowed up her anxieties about the future and her regret about the past.

During the whole day, since the early morning, not one thought of Reuben had entered her mind — a test, had she been given to analyze her feelings, of her perfect contentment. For as long as Eve was happy Reuben would be forgotten: let disappointment or regret set in and her thoughts veered round to him.

"Why, you've turned silent all to once," said Joan, tired of her own five minutes' reflections.

"I was thinking," said Eve.

"What about?" asked Joan.

"Why, I was thinking that I couldn't believe 'twas no more than last night I passed by here — oh, with such a heavy heart, Joan!" and at the remembrance her eyes swam with tears.

"And for why?" said Joan in some surprise.

"Oh, because I began to feel that I was coming to where you'd all be strange to me; and I wondered whether I'd done right in leaving my own home, where mother and me had lived together so long."

"Hadt' 'ee anything else to leave behind but the thoughts o' your mother?" interrupted Joan practically.

"No." Then, feeling this was not quite true, she added, "That is, nobody that I minded much — not that I cared to leave. I had somebody that didn't like

me going, and begged me to stay, but that was only a friend."

"A friend'?" repeated Joan incredulously—"a friend that sticketh closer than a brother, I reckon. Come now, you may so well tell me all about it; I am sure to get at it sooner or later. What's his name, eh?"

"Oh, I don't mind tellin' you his name," laughed Eve: "Reuben May, that's his name. But 'tisin't he I want to speak of: 'tis you, Joan, for makin' me feel so at home all at once. I shall never forget it—never!" And as she turned her face toward Joan the drops which had trembled in her eyes fell on her cheeks.

"Why, what nonsense next?" exclaimed Joan impulsively, threading her arm through Eve's and hugging it close up to her: "as if anybody could help being kind to 'ee! 'Tis only to look in your face, and you can't do no other; and mind, 'tis none o' my doin's that you'm here," she continued, following out her own train of thought. "I was that set agenst your comin' as you never did: I couldn't abide the thoughts of it. Adam, and me too, took on with uncle ever so when he would have 'ee come; but 'twas no use, there was no turnin' un; and now I wouldn't have it otherwise for iver so. You'm so altogether different to what I looked for. I thought you'd be mimpin' and mincin', and that nothin' 'ud please 'ee, and you'd be cuttin' up a dido with everything and everybody: 'stead o' which 'tis as if I know'd 'ee all my life, and you'd bin away and come back agen."

"Oh, I am so glad!" said Eve, laughing in the midst of her tears; "for when you've lost everybody, as I have, something in your heart seem always pining after people's love."

"Which you mostly gets, I reckon," said Joan smiling. "'Tis that innocent sort o' look you'm got, and yer mild way o' speakin' that does it, I 'spects. But you must pluck up a spirit afore the men"—for Eve had been telling her how entirely unaccustomed she was to any but female companionship—"and be ready with an answer afore they speak, so impudent as some o' 'em be. They know 'tis no use tryin' it on with me, though. I gives 'em so good as they brings, any day; and that's what men like, you know—plenty o' courage and a woman that isn't afraid o' anything or anybody; for, no matter how I feel, I'd die afore I'd show any fear."

"But I should show the fear and die too," said Eve.

"Not a bit of it," laughed Joan. "I'll give 'ee a lesson or two, so that you sha'n't know yourself for the same." Then, suddenly stopping and drawing down her face, she said, "But 'there's a time for everything,' said Solomon the wise, and that time ain't now, for there's the mill, and 'tis in here that my mother lives. And, Eve," she continued, turning round in the act of giving the gate a hoist preparatory to swinging it open, "if so be mother should begin about uncle and they, don't you take no heed, 'cos what she says doesn't lie deeper down than her tongue, and she only says it to keep in with the chapel folks."

Eve was spared the awkwardness of any reply by having to bestow all her attention on picking her steps through the mud by which the gate was surrounded, for from most of the people carrying their corn to be ground, and not unfrequently waiting about until the process was accomplished, the approach to the mill was seldom or never anything but a slough, of a consistency varying with the state of the weather. A few yards on this miry path turned off to the right, leaving a tolerably free space of well-washed pebbles, in the midst of which was the dwelling-house, the door of which was conveniently placed so that it commanded a full view of the out-gate. In a straight line with this door, the upper half of which, after the prevailing fashion, was left open, a little round table was set, and behind this table Eve, drawing nearer, perceived an elderly person, whom she supposed must be Mrs. Tucker. But, notwithstanding that by this time the two girls were close by, Mrs. Tucker's face continued immovable, her eyes fixed, and her fingers knitting away as if no mundane object could possibly engross such steadfast attention.

The gaze so completely ignored the presence of her visitors that by the time Joan had got up to the door Eve had found ample time to take a critical survey of Mrs. Tucker's personal appearance, which formed such a contrast to Joan's that it was difficult to reconcile it with the close relationship which existed between them.

Mrs. Tucker seemed tall, flat, and bony: her dress was drab, her kerchief black, and her cap, under which her hair was all hidden, was fashioned after the model of a Quaker's. Still, her face, though stern, was not unpleasing, and its form and features were, on the whole, better modelled and more delicately cast than her daughter's.

"Well, Joan!" she said at length, with a touch of displeasure in her voice.

"Well, mother!" answered Joan, with a corresponding modicum of defiance.

Then there was a pause, during which Joan evidently waited for her mother to say something to Eve, but this hope being vain, she was forced into saying, with a trifle more aggression, "Ain't you goin' to say nothin' to Eve, mother? I brought her up a-purpose, fancyin' you'd like to see her p'raps, and 'ud be put out if I didn't."

And stepping on one side she threw Eve into the foreground, and obliged her to advance with the timid air of one who is uncertain of her welcome.

"I don't know why I should be expected to know people afore I've heard their names," said Mrs. Tucker stiffly; "but if this is Eve—why—how do you find yourself?" and she made just sufficient pause between the two parts of her sentence to give the idea that the greeting, prompted by politeness, had been curtailed by principle.

"I feel better to-day," said Eve, growing confused under the scrutiny she was undergoing.

"My son-in-law, Samuel, told me that you seemed very tired by your journey."

"Yes," answered Eve, feeling her indifferent treatment of Samuel might be the cause of this cool greeting: "I fear he thought me but poor company. I hardly spoke a word all the way."

"Well, if you'd nothin' to say, 'tis so well to hold yer tongue: as I tell Joan, 'tis but a poor clapper that's allays on the tinkle. Why didn't you come up to dinner then, Joan?" she said, turning to her daughter. "We mightn't have got dainties to set Eve down to, but we've allays got somethin' to eat, thank the Lord!"

"I couldn't tell but what uncle might be home, and we can't stay now long, for they may be in any hour."

"Ah, then uncle hasn't seen Eve yet? I should say he'd be disappointed not to find her more featured like her father's family."

"I don't know why he should be, then," said Joan sharply. "I can't tell who she's featured after, but somebody a sight better-looking than any o' that Pascal lot."

"That's as people see," said Mrs. Tucker grimly.

"Oh yes," returned Joan recklessly: "'tis free thought and free speech and free trade here; and long life to it, I says."

"And what do you say, Eve?" asked Mrs. Tucker.

"Eve can't say anythin' about what she don't know nothin', can ye, Eve?" said Joan; "but as far as she's sin she likes the place dearly, and the people too, and she don't intend to go back to London never no more."

"Oh, Joan! Joan! don't say that!" exclaimed Eve, trying to give a more pleasant turn to the discord which was evidently impending between the mother and daughter; while Mrs. Tucker said, "'Tis early days to make up your mind, seeing you haven't sin your uncle yet, nor he you. Joan allays forgets that there's more than she has got a voice in matters."

"No, Joan don't, mother; and you'll see that there'll be more than uncle and me beggin' her to stay. Adam hasn't seed her yet;" and the girl looked up with an expression of defiance.

"That's true," replied Mrs. Tucker, without altering a tone or a feature: "Eve has got to see both the baws—Adam and Jerrem too. 'Tis to be hoped you'll take to Jerrem, Eve," she said, glancing in Joan's direction, "or your uncle will be sore put out: he seems to have got his heart set 'pon you and Jerrem makin' a match of it."

"He hasn't done nothin' o' the sort," returned Joan fiercely; "and 'tisn't right in you to say so, mother, 'cos uncle, in a joke like, said somethin' in a laughing way; but he didn't mean it no more for Jerrem than he did for Adam. And as Eve hasn't sin neither of 'em, 'tis as likely she takes to one as t'other, and more when she knows 'twould be disappointin' me, for I loves Jerrem dearly, Eve, and I don't care who knows it, neither."

"I think if I was a young pusson I should wait 'til I was axed afore I was so very free in offering my company to anybody," said Mrs. Tucker, worked at last into some show of anger.

"Oh, no need for that," laughed the irrepressible Joan. "So long as we understands each other, whether Jerrem tells me or I tells he, it comes to the same thing. And now that we've had our haggle out, mother, I think 'tis so well us goes;" and she jumped up, but so heedlessly that the tucked-up train of her gown caught in the handle of a neighboring cupboard-door, and she had to stand still while Eve endeavored to disentangle it.

"There's one thing I'm glad to see," said Mrs. Tucker, taking note of the two

girls as they stood side by side, "and that is that Eve's clothes is consistent, and I hope she's got the sense to keep 'em so, and not be a-bedizenin' herself out with all manner o' things as you do, Joan. I'm fairly forced to close my eyes for the dazzle o' that chintz. Whatever you can be thinkin' o' yerself to go dressin' up in that rory-tory stuff I don't know. Does it never enter yer poor vain head that yer miserable body will be ate up by worms some day?"

"They won't eat it up any the more 'cos o' this chintz gown, mother. Aint it sweet and purty?" she added, turning to Eve. "'Tis a rare booty, that 'tis: there isn't the like of it in the place. 'Twas gived to me a Christmas present," she added significantly, while the displeasure deepened in Mrs. Tucker's face, so that Eve tried to throw a little reproof into the look she gave Joan, for she saw plainly enough that mother and daughter were at cross-purposes about somebody, and Joan was bent upon teasing.

Whether Joan noticed the expression she could not tell, but after a minute's pause she broke out passionately, saying, "How can 'ee find it in yer heart to act as ye do, mother, never havin' a good word or a kind thought for a poor sawl who hasn't nobody to cling to natural-like? Any one 'ud think the religion you'm allays preachin' up would teach 'ee better than that."

"Everybody in their place, that's my motter," said Mrs. Tucker, whose stolid manner contrasted vividly with her daughter's excitable temperament; "and the place o' strangers ain't that o' children. Now, 'tis of no use bidin' here to cavil, Joan," she continued, seeing that Joan was about to answer her. "I've used the same words to your aunt, and your uncle too, scores o' times, and said then, as I say now, that a day may come when they rues it; and all I pray for is that my misgivin's mayn't come to pass."

"Iss: well, I think you may let that prayer bide now, mother," exclaimed Joan: "there's plenty else things to pray for besides that, and people too. There's me: you've always got me on hand, you know."

"I don't forget you, Joan: you may make your mind easy o' that," said Mrs. Tucker.

"Well, here's Eve: you can give her a turn now."

"Very like I might do worse, for I dare swear Eve ain't beyond needing guidance more than other young maidens."

"No, indeed," said Eve: "none of us are too good, and I often have the wish to be different from what I am."

"Ah, 'taip't much good if you don't go no further than wishin'," said Mrs. Tucker. "So far as wishin' goes, you might sit there, and wish you was home, but you wouldn't be a step the further near to it."

"That's true," broke in Joan, "for I've bin' wishin' myself home this hour and more, and so I should think had Eve too."

"Oh, I dare say," said Mrs. Tucker.

"I know very well that I'm no great company for young folks; but a time may come — when I'm dead and gone and mouldin' in my grave, though you may both be left behind — to prove that the words I've a-spoke is true: for we all do fade as a leaf, and are born to sorrow as the sparks flies upwards;" and with this salient remark Mrs. Tucker allowed the two girls to depart, Joan fairly running in her anxiety to be out of the place, the farther gate of which she flung open with such force that it closed behind them with a swinging noise that seemed to afford her much relief, and she gave vent to a loud sigh, saying, "Now, Eve, isn't mother too much for anybody? She just works me up till I could say anything. There, don't 'ee look like that at me, 'cos 'tis her fault so much as mine. She knows what I am and what sets me up, and yet that's the very thing she pitches on to talk about."

"I fancy you say things, though, that vex her too," said Eve smiling.

But Joan did not return the smile: her face grew more cloudy as she said, "Perhaps I do — I dare say; but you don't know all the ins and outs. Some day, happen, I may tell 'ee: 't all depends." And she gave another sigh. "But 'tis shameful to set Adam up agen Jerrem, and that mother's sure to do if ever she finds the chance. She'd tell another story if she'd got to live with 'em both, and was allays tryin' to set all straight between the two, as I am; and Jerrem so madcap and feather-brained as he is, and Adam like a bit o' touch-paper for temper."

"I half think I shall like Jerrem better than I shall Adam," said Eve with a sly look, intended to rouse Joan from her grave mood.

"Do 'ee?" said Joan, with a smile which began to chase away the cloud from her face. "But no: you haven't seen the two of 'em together yet, Eve. When you do I'll wager 'tis Adam you'd choose."

Eve shook her head. "I'm never one to be taken by looks," she said. "Be-

sides, if he was everybody's choice, why isn't he yours — eh, Mrs. Joan?"

Joan feigned to laugh, but in the midst of the laugh she burst out crying, sobbing hysterically as she said, "Oh, because I'm nothin' but cousin Joan, to be made much of when there's nobody else, and forgot all about if another's by."

Eve stood amazed. This sudden shifting mood was a mystery to her: she hardly knew what to say or do. Surely her speech could not have pained Joan? If so, how? and why? She was still hesitating, and thinking what comfort she could offer, when Joan raised her head with the visible intention of saying something; but in a moment her attention was arrested: she took two or three steps forward, then, apparently forgetful of all else, she exclaimed, "It must be they! Yes, there's another! Quick, Eve! run, 'tis the boats! One o' 'em's in sight, and most-like 'tis uncle's. If we don't look sharp they'll be in 'fore we can get home."

From Fraser's Magazine.

FIRST IMPRESSIONS OF THE NEW WORLD.

BY THE DUKE OF ARGYLL.

A CRUISE in the "Druid" along the northern shores of the Bay of Chaleur, as far as Gaspé, gave me an opportunity of seeing a very interesting coast in reference to the resources of the "inshore fisheries." The settled country extends but a very short distance inland — the skyline shows invariably an outline of low, rounded hills covered entirely with forest. But along certain portions of the coast the sea was well covered with powerful boats fishing for cod. On hailing some of these for the purpose of buying fish, it was pleasant to see the abundant "take," which often covered the bottom of the boats. The cod were generally small — that is to say, not above three or four pounds weight — and a large proportion of them not above two pounds. But they were of excellent quality. At several stations along the shore, and especially at the picturesque little village of Gaspé, there were large establishments for the curing and export of these fish. From the great abundance of the supply, it could not be otherwise that the price should be low; but I heard with regret that the fishery was generally prosecuted on a system of "advances" by the curing houses — which was, in fact, the truck

system on an extended scale — and that the final result to the fishermen was a very low rate of remuneration for an occupation very toilsome, involving great exposure, and often not devoid of danger. The north-eastern shores of the Bay of Chaleur are very open, and in easterly and north-easterly winds are exposed to the full sweep of the Atlantic.

When at Gaspé, which is a most picturesque little town with an excellent harbor, I saw one of the fast American schooners, whose operations in the mackerel fishery of this coast are much complained of by the Canadian fishermen. Their complaints reminded me much of the similar complaints on the west coast of Scotland, against what is called "trawling" for herrings. In both cases new and more efficient modes of catch have been at least coincident with a departure of the shoals from former places of resort, if not with diminished productiveness over a larger area. This is one of the allegations which will probably form the subject of inquiry between the governments concerned on the pending question of the Fishery Treaties.

As regards another branch of the fishing industry, the provincial population have it all to themselves. I refer to the lobster fisheries. The abundance of lobsters on this part of the Canadian coast is astonishing to those who are acquainted only with this pursuit on the almost exhausted shores of Scotland. Until quite lately any number of the finest lobsters could be caught by a noose at the end of a short rod, from boats rowing gently along the shores, with a torchlight, at night. Of late, however, the introduction of more skilled methods of capture has sensibly thinned them. And no wonder, for I was told of one man taking in a single night upwards of six hundred lobsters, getting only about sixty cents, or about half-a-crown, per hundred. The fishermen in this trade also are very much in the hands of large capitalists, who supply the gear and tackle, purchase the shellfish, boil them in great caldrons, and "tin" them for export to the United States and to Europe. It is impossible that any supply can long support the present rate of capture without being very speedily reduced. But the shores along which the lobsters are found are so extensive that, if proper regulations are made and enforced as to a close time and as to the size of fish, they may continue for many years to yield a profitable return.

The northern shores of the Bay of

Chaleur, although higher than the southern, are, nevertheless, low and far from picturesque. Small farms, divided by straight lines, with wooden houses of various shapes and sizes, cover a gentle declivity, which ends in a steep bank or an insignificant precipice of red sandstone. But at one point, Cape Bonaventure, the carboniferous strata have been thrown on edge, and rise into a high and sharp-pointed cliff, which has been cut off by the action of the sea and of floating ice from the mainland. This island is perpendicular on all sides, very narrow, and about three hundred feet high, with an undulating platform at the top, inhabited by thousands of cormorants and other sea fowl, where they are absolutely secure from molestation. Through this great cliff the sea has worked its way in an arched cave, which pierces from one side to the other, and through which, at high water, a boat can row. It is from this peculiar feature, I presume, that the place is called Percé. When the colors of the sunset were thrown on this island, with its splintered plates of rock, its deep cracks and fissures, and its own fine local tints, it formed one of the most curious and beautiful objects I have ever seen on any coast.

A drive of ten miles up the valley of the Cascapédiac, and a descent from that point to the sea in canoes, enabled us to see another of the most lovely rivers of Canada. Smaller than the Restigouche, but with a greater extent of fine alluvial soil between its banks and the surrounding hills, fringed consequently by forests with a larger proportion of deciduous trees, its windings presented scenes of almost ideal beauty, as we floated down the river on a delicious evening in the beginning of July. Some of the elms were particularly fine, and maple, ash, and black birch, with thickets of a feathery willow, hung over or fringed the water with every variety of foliage, whilst some parklike openings in the wood, and occasional clearings and comfortable farms, gave their own interest and their own charm. We were most hospitably received at our farthest point by Mr. Woodman, a farmer who had cleared and cultivated a large extent of fine meadow land on the banks of the river. His capacious homestead, surrounded by fields of luxuriant grass, and presided over by a most kind and comfortable Scotch wife from Ayrshire, afforded us welcome rest and refreshment, after the jolting of one of the roughest of Canadian

roads. But not even the attractions of my countrywoman's delicious milk and home-made bread could keep me long from the banks of that glorious river, with the crimson finches, which were flitting among its birches and alders, the striped squirrels running under drift logs, and the great belted kingfisher plunging into its eddies. Although somewhat far from "kirk and market," the whole place seemed the perfection of a happy agricultural home. *Viret memoria!*

On our return home, we passed by the Intercolonial Line to St. John's, the capital of New Brunswick, and embarked there in a steamer for Boston. The valley along which the line passes in approaching St. John's, called Sussex Vale, is drained by the Kenabecacis River. With its large, lakelike expanses of water, its mixture of rock, and its abundance and variety of wood, it was much prettier than any description of New Brunswick had led me to expect. In St. John's itself the effects of the recent great fire are only too apparent. But rebuilding and revival had begun, and the effects of these were fortunately even more obvious to the eye.

One of the thick fogs so common on the coasts of North America shrouded the low, rocky shores of New Brunswick as we passed, and when it cleared off we were running along the coast of the State of Maine. We found ourselves then threading our way among an archipelago of beautiful little islands, rocky and wooded, full of comfortable little farms, and villa residences, and fishing stations, with multitudes of boats of all sorts and sizes rowing or sailing between them and the mainland. The whole was bathed in glorious sunlight, the sea was unruffled, and the sky showed on every side those immense spaces of horizon which are so rare in the more vaporous atmosphere of Great Britain. The coast of Maine, though generally low, is far from being flat, and is deeply indented by a multitude of creeks and inlets, which afford a charming intricacy and variety to its shores. After a splendid sunset night fell upon an ocean with a surface of polished glass, and for a long time I watched the shoals of mackerel darting away from under the steamer's bow in courses which were marked by miniature rockets of phosphorescent light. The sea seemed alive with fish, and yet we saw very few fishing-boats engaged in taking them.

We entered the magnificent harbor of Boston on one of the first very hot days of the cold and late summer of 1879. It

is certainly one of the very finest harbors in the world: immensely capacious, absolutely sheltered, and easily defensible. As the virtual birthplace of American independence, it has an historic interest as remarkable as its beauty.

The main object of my visit to Boston was accomplished in the kind and hospitable reception I received from Mr. Longfellow. I did not previously know that the charming residence in which he lives at Cambridge is the very house, timber-built, and now more than one hundred and fifty years old, which for several months was the headquarters of General Washington when or soon after he first took the command of the American army. In the society of Mr. Longfellow and of his family, of Mr. Norton, and of my old friend Mr. Richard Dana, we spent a delightful summer evening under the shadows of a deep verandah and of umbrageous trees, with the lights of sunset streaming across distant meadows upon the picturesque and comfortable house. I can only express my earnest hope that it may long continue to be, as it has so long been, the abode of genius and of virtue.

I have already mentioned that few things in the New World surprised me more than the appearance of the country along the short railway line between Boston and Fall River. The great extent of what may be called uncleared or wild land in one of the oldest states of the Union is very curious. It is not, of course, primeval forest; but to a large extent it is what in Australia would be called "bush," and in India, "jungle." It is land wholly uncultivated—much of it marshy, or covered with thickets of pretty but useless wood. Here, as everywhere else in the Eastern States, it is obvious that the soils of poorer quality do not pay for cereal cultivation, or indeed for any cultivation at all. I should have thought that, if for nothing else, much of this waste surface might be profitably used for sheep pasture. But the truth is that the inexhaustible areas of land, which are naturally rich, in the far West, and the products of which can be cheaply conveyed to the coast by the railway system, determine all industry and all enterprise in that direction. Thus even in the heart of Massachusetts, and in the immediate vicinity of some of the oldest and most populous cities of the Union, it is not worth while to lay out much capital on the reclamation of land comparatively poor.

Under the hospitable care of Mr. Cyrus

Field, we enjoyed a most agreeable visit to Newport, a watering-place on the coast of Rhode Island which is the favorite resort of the most cultivated society in the United States. The handsome villas and houses of Newport are surrounded by well-kept lawns and shrubberies, and the principal drives are pleasantly shaded, in the New England fashion, by flourishing trees. On the "Ocean Drive," which extends for some miles along the rocky shore, one can enjoy the freshest breezes of the Atlantic, which here washes the low cliffs, and penetrates into the little creeks, with waves of the purest water and of the most lovely green. We visited the venerable old church, and saw the pulpit from which the great Bishop Berkeley had discoursed to the colonists of Rhode Island, and a pleasant road along the shore to the northward led us to the rocks where he is said to have composed his "Minute Philosopher." It gave me great pleasure to renew my acquaintance with Mr. Bancroft, who so long and so worthily represented his government in London. But it was with deep regret that I missed seeing Professor Agassiz, the distinguished son of a distinguished father, whose zealous pursuit of science, and whose high attainments in many departments of knowledge, promise to give fresh renown to an already illustrious name.

Our journey from Newport to New York was performed by sea, in one of those gigantic steamers which are more like immense floating hotels than boats of any kind, and which are peculiar to America. To see one of these immense vessels approach a pier or quay, on which one is standing, is quite a new sensation. It is the pier which seems to move, and not the vessel, which from the vastness of its proportions cannot be accepted, as it were, by the eye, as a moving body. It is impossible by any effort to get rid of this illusion. The momentum of a floating body of such vast weight is, of course, enormous, and the slightest collision with any structure on the shore would be correspondingly destructive either to the vessel or to the pier. Consequently they have to come up to these places with the utmost caution, and nothing but great experience and great skill enables them to be brought alongside with the requisite nicety. By the kind permission of the captain we were allowed to be in the wheel-house in coming up to the pier at Newport. Although the water was perfectly calm, and there was no wind which

could affect even that huge structure, there were six men at the wheel. The approach was made in perfect silence, with an intentness of attention on the part of the officers in command which showed the great care requisite in the operation. In many respects these great steamers are as comfortable as they can be — excellent sleeping-cabins, excellent cooking, great speed, and the utmost attention on the part of the service on board. But in my opinion they have one great fault, and that is that very much too small a space of uncovered deck is left for the enjoyment of the scenery and of the fresh air. Almost the whole area is occupied by immense saloons, with all the closeness and stuffiness which are inseparable from cabins, however large, especially when they are occupied by a great number of passengers of all kinds and classes, and when they are also lighted with gas. Only a very small space at either end of the vessel is perfectly uncovered and open to the air. The top of the whole structure, the roof of the "Noah's ark" — the hurricane deck — is not available for passengers, and the gigantic "walking beam" of the engine, which swings its arms on the top of every American steamer, would make it a dangerous walk for careless people.

The intense heat which brooded over New York during the very short stay I was able to make there rendered it a work of no small labor to see even the Cypriote collection of General Cesnola and the Museum of Natural History. The first of these ought to have been secured for the British Museum. Its great interest lies in the close links of connection which it supplies between the art of Assyria, of Phœnicia, of Egypt, and of Greece. At New York it is, for the present at least, entirely isolated and separated from all other collections which are related to any one of its many-sided aspects. But our American friends did a good stroke of business in securing it for a sum small in comparison with its great value in the history of ancient art. It must be added that the wealthy and enterprising citizens who secured it for the New World show a proper appreciation of the prize, and that the illustrations and descriptions of the many curious and beautiful objects it contains, which have been executed in America under General Cesnola's directions, are worthy of their theme.

Even a visit of two days to a city like New York leaves some impressions on the mind which cannot be very wide of

the truth. It is impossible not to be struck by the great wealth and luxury displayed both in its public and in its private buildings. It has been a commonplace to speak of the growth of luxury in the Old World, and of the increasing separation between the rich and poor. It is often said that the rich are getting richer and the poor are getting poorer. I have always doubted the fact. The increase of wealth in recent years in England and in Europe generally has been mainly, I believe, an increase in the number of moderate incomes and an increase in the wages of labor. But if the common saying is at all true anywhere, I should say that the appearances of it are most conspicuous in such a city as New York. Costly and ostentatious houses are far more common than in London. Shops for the sale of luxuries are on an enormous scale. I doubt if there exists anywhere in London, or in any capital of the Old World, such an establishment as that of Tiffany, in New York, for the sale of jewellery and other articles of great cost. It is an establishment, too, it must be added, not more remarkable for its enormous extent than for the admirable taste of its designs. Other "stores" on a similar scale, for the sale of women's attire, indicate the scale on which luxurious expenditure prevails among the richer classes of America. And it must be so. The growing wealth of America is founded on the secure possession of every element which can yield boundless returns, not only to industry, but, above all, to capital shrewdly used. In the Old World those who gain great profits are accustomed to look to the future, and not to think only of the present. They seek investments which will be a permanent record of their success, and be a lasting influence in the society to which they belong. They buy an estate, they build cottages, they drain and reclaim land. In the New World this incentive to saving does not exist. Fortunes are expended as rapidly as they are made. A few individuals of great public spirit found or endow public institutions, or become munificent supporters of scientific research. But such persons are, and always must be, a very small minority. The tendency of things is to lavish expenditure, and to luxurious living. I am not now arguing as to which of the two systems is the best. One great moralist of the last century has said in a celebrated passage that "whatever makes the past, the distant, or the future predominate

over the present advances us in the dignity of thinking beings." But many political philosophers do not accept this doctrine, and are jealous of the wealth or of the distinctions which may be gained by individuals in one generation surviving in another. Whether this jealousy be good or bad, it is certain that laws or customs which are inspired by it tend to the quicker dissipation rather than to the more equal distribution of wealth. New York has all the appearance of being one of the most luxurious cities in the world, whilst the discontent of the working classes is often propitiated, if I may believe the general consensus of my American friends, by tolerating heavy taxation which these classes impose, but to which they do not contribute, and by an expenditure of the funds so raised in a manner which is generally extravagant and very often corrupt.

There is another subject on which I derived a strong impression in America, and that is the really irrational character of the agricultural panic which has prevailed of late in many parts of the United Kingdom. If, indeed, we are to assume that the succession of bad seasons which has recently occurred in England marks a permanent change for the worse in our climate, there might be room for the most serious alarm. But so far as the mere fall in the price of certain agricultural products is concerned, that fall is one which has affected a great part of the world, and is quite as marked in America as in Europe. It has been the result mainly of the universal depression in almost all other branches of industry; and after the repeated experience we have had of the history of such depressions, it seems difficult to account for the exaggerated tone of alarm which has prevailed when its natural and inevitable effects have been felt in the price of certain articles, which, after all, are only a very few among those on which successful farming must depend in Europe. The unbounded wheat-producing powers of the great western plains of the American continent are no new discovery of the year 1879. They have long been known, and the immense importations they have afforded to our markets have been going on for many years, during which, nevertheless, the prices have not been so low as to be considered ruinous to the British farmer. It is possible, however, that the growth of this particular cereal may become permanently unprofitable on many soils which have hitherto been devoted to

its growth. The exchange of this crop for other kinds of grain is a process which has been gradually going on for many years. Some thirty years ago, wheat was often grown in certain districts of the west of Scotland where it has been almost entirely discontinued. But the same land has been quite as profitably employed in the growth of other crops; and until a long and acute depression of manufacturing and commercial industry had supervened for a period unusually long, the business of agriculture has continued to be as attractive and as remunerative as it has ever been. Even as regards the few articles of produce which have been subjected to a sudden and to a heavy fall in price, it seems to be forgotten that such reductions in value have an inevitable tendency to correct themselves. Let us take the case of cheese. For many years the importations from America have been very large. The price, nevertheless, continued to afford a good return to dairy farming at home. In 1878 there was a very sudden and a very great reduction. When I sailed for America, in the end of May, it was at about the lowest point. A few days after I landed at New York I found that the farmers of New England were quite as much alarmed as the farmers of Cheshire or of Ayrshire. There was a meeting of a Dairyman's Association at Utica, in which it was agreed that at the prices then ruling in the cheese market this particular form of dairy produce did not pay common interest on the capital invested in the land and in the stock. The conclusion was enforced by a careful and elaborate calculation of the money product of each cow, as compared with the cost of her keep and the cost of dairy labor. The result was that the cost left a surplus on each cow of only about thirty shillings, from which had to be deducted whatever might be the calculated proportion due for taxes, and insurance, and outlay for repairs on buildings and machinery. On the whole, the conclusion was drawn, "that in the case of average cheese dairies, the product of the cows during the year 1878 was scarcely sufficient to pay for their own support." The Association consequently recommended its members to "go in" rather for the supply of butter and of fresh milk, and to give up a manufacture which had ceased to pay. On sending this report home to some of my friends in Scotland, I found it made no impression whatever. There is nothing so impregnable to attack as the human mind under the influence of a pre-

vailing fear. But within two months of my return to England there was a rise in the price of cheese, even more sudden and violent than the previous fall. In one week, in consequence of telegrams from New York, intimating a great limitation of production, both from the voluntary abandonment of the manufacture and from the scorching effects of a hot summer on the pastures, the price of American cheese rose ninety per cent. But although the depression of prices was very severely felt in America, it was spoken of and treated there, as all similar depressions of trade ought to be treated—a matter to be dealt with by those concerned—and remedied, in so far as it admitted of remedy, by changes in the direction of agricultural industry. I must add that the universal testimony I heard, in regard to farming in America, so far at least as regards all the Eastern or Atlantic States, was to the effect that it was a business in which nobody expected to make, or ever did “make money,” in the sense of realizing even a moderate fortune. It was represented as an industry in which men were contented with a pleasant and healthy occupation, with a competent and comfortable living. I apprehend that this is very much the position of affairs in the Old World, except that, under the system of letting land with the security of leases, and with definite stipulations, high farming at home does often yield returns largely profitable. I saw nothing in America which gave me the idea that anything like “high farming” was even known there. Prodigality of surface does not induce or tempt one to bestow such pains on restricted areas of land. Strong local attachment to a particular farm was spoken of as almost unknown. The owners were represented as generally willing and anxious to sell if a good profit could be made by doing so. And a shrewd farmer, who crossed with me in the “Scythia,” and who had emigrated from Scotland early in life, spoke of this circumstance as fully accounting for the indisposition of farmers in America to publish or complain of the smallness of their gains. Such complaints could only tend to damage their own property. In England, he observed, similar complaints had exactly the opposite effect, inasmuch as they aimed at and tended to the reduction of the price or rent for which land was hired. In this difference lay, according to him, the real secret of the difference between the farmer of the Old World and the farmer

of the New, in times when agricultural depression was equally oppressing both. If there was much shrewdness, there was also some cynicism in this observation of my Scotch friend, for undoubtedly the exceptionally bad harvests which have lately affected the wheat-producing districts of England and of Scotland have had a very severe effect, greatly aggravating the results of a mere fall in price. But the agricultural interest has had many times of depression quite as serious before. Rents will necessarily adjust themselves to any permanent change either in climate or in price. For my own part, I believe in neither.

Of one great pleasure I derived from my short visit to America I must say a word. Those who have never cared for any department of natural science can form no idea of the intense delight and refreshment of seeing for the first time a fauna or a flora which is entirely new. This can only be felt in perfection by passing direct from Europe to the tropics.

The temperate regions of all the great continents of the globe present only varieties of one and the same general aspect. But as regards my own favorite pursuit, that of ornithology, the passage from Europe to any part of the American continent is the passage to a new world indeed. One may be quite sure that, with very few exceptions, every bird one sees is a bird one has never seen alive before. One gets out of “Sparrowdom,” or, at least, one would have got out of it completely in America, if our old and forward little friend, the *Passer domesticus*, had not been, of *malice prepense*, introduced into the States, and had not bred and flourished there with a success and an impudence in proportion to the care which has been expended on his welfare. In all the eastern cities of the Union breeding-boxes are provided for the sparrow in the trees which line the streets, and the park at Boston is almost disfigured by the hideous miniatures of houses and cottages which are stuck up everywhere for the accommodation of this favored representative of the old country. If the sparrow is to be educated in architecture, I wish our American friends would take more care as to the models set before him. Coconut shells, or any other similar vegetable production, or even clay bottles, would be better than the painted sections of street houses which are too generally provided. But, at least, when we get outside the cities we get outside of Sparrowdom. The whole avifauna of America is

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fresh to an English eye. There is indeed that strange likeness in the midst of difference which is one of the mysteries of creation when it is seen in lands separated by several thousand miles of ocean. The swallows are all obvious swallows, but, with one exception,* they are all different from the swallows of Europe. The starlings are obvious starlings, but with scarlet epaulettes. The very crows have a flight in which one detects a difference. The great order of the fly-catchers is represented by forms much more conspicuous and larger than at home. The handsome king-bird (*Tyrannus carolinensis*) was one of the first that attracted my eye from the railway carriage. The large belted kingfisher (*Ceryle Alcyon*) was passing with a jay-like flight over the creeks and marshes of the Hudson. On looking out of my window in the morning at the glories of Niagara, I was hardly less interested by seeing the lovely American goldfinch (*Chrysomitris tristis*) sitting on the low wall which guards the bushy precipice under the hotel. A golden finch indeed! the whole body of richer yellow than any canary, with black wings and cap. The family of the warblers was first indicated to my eye by the beautiful *Dendroica aestiva* among the overhanging vegetation of the same place. It reminded me much of our own willow wren, in movement and in manners, although it is much less shy—being common among the trees in the streets of Montreal. The azure of the bluebird, with the strange song and piebald appearance of the "bobolink" (*Dolichonyx oryzivorus*), enlivened our drive from Niagara to the heights of Queens-town. The sharp wings, and swift, powerful flight of a bird of a dark steel-blue color had often attracted my curiosity before I knew that I had before me the purple martin (*Progne purpurea*), the largest and handsomest of all the hirundinæ. It was with no little surprise that I saw in the seething waters of the pool below the Great Falls, and in the whirlpool, some miles farther down the river, one of the colymbidæ, which was, I believe, the American representative of our own black-throated diver (*Colymbus arcticus*). In the calmer waters of the Lake of Beauport I saw one of the birds common to the two sides of the Atlantic, but

now comparatively rare in Britain, that splendid bird the great northern diver, *Colymbus glacialis*. In the forests of the Restigouche, dense, stifling, and almost impervious, my ear caught endless notes of warblers and of tits and of finches which were wholly new to it, and had generally a ventriloquistic character, that seemed to render sound useless as a guide to sight. I obtained specimens of the lovely American redstart (*Setophaga ruticilla*), of the indigo bird (*Cyanospiza cyanea*), and of that curious family *Vireo-Sylvia*, which constitutes a link between the fly-catchers and the warblers. In the evenings, high overhead, I watched with delight the buoyant and beautiful evolutions of long-winged goatsuckers or night hawks (*Chordeiles popetue*), feeding on high-flying lepidoptera, and chasing them with

Scythelike sweep of wings that dare
The headlong plunge through eddying gulfs.

In the forest on the banks of Cascapedia River our carriage dashed into a covey of the so-called Canadian partridges, a species representing the widespread and beautiful genus *Tetrao* or grouse (*Tetrao canadensis*). One of our party attempting to catch some of the young chicks was attacked by the mother with heroic dash, which effected so good a diversion that her object was fully attained, and at the imminent risk of her own capture she effected the escape of every one of her brood. The exquisite pattern of rich browns and russets which marked her plumage was beautifully displayed when her tail feathers were expanded in the fury of her attack. Near the same spot, I saw a fine example of the close analogies of coloring which prevail in certain groups of birds both in the Old and in the New World. We all know that several of the grey linnets of Britain are adorned in the breeding season by the assumption of crimson feathers on the breast and forehead. But in the kindred or allied species of America the same coloring pervades the whole plumage, and the purple finches of Canada and the Northern States are amongst the handsomest of American birds (*Carpodacus purpureus*). On the Cascapedia also I saw, what I did not see on the Restigouche, numbers of the night heron (*Nyctordea Gardeni*)—a bird reminding one of the graceful bird at home—but on the whole a less conspicuous and a less ornamental species. Of one celebrated American bird—the white-headed

* The exception is curious—it is the common bank swallow, or sand martin (*Cotyle riparia*), which is one of the shortest-winged of the whole tribe, and the least capable of establishing itself by migration on each side of the ocean.

eagle (*Haliæetus leucocephalus*)—I must vindicate the character. He has been accused on high authority of living by piracy, not fishing for himself, but basely using his superior weight and strength to compel the osprey or professional fishing eagle (*Pandion carolinensis*) to give up its prey. On this ground no less a man than Benjamin Franklin expressed his regret that this eagle should have been chosen as the national emblem of the United States. The great American ornithologists, Audubon and Wilson, both repeat the same story, and neither of them appear to have ever seen a white-headed eagle capturing his finny prey from the water, except, indeed, on one occasion, when an eagle was seen in most un-aquiline fashion wading in some shallow pool and picking out "redfins" with his bill. But I had the good fortune on the Restigouche to see a fine white-headed eagle catch a salmon for himself, by what seemed a bold and almost a dangerous manœuvre. About a thousand yards below our encampment the river disappeared round a sudden bend, with a very sharp current. The eagle appeared coming up stream round this bend, and flying slowly about thirty feet above the level of the water. Over the sharpest part of the current he hovered for a moment, and then dashed into the stream. With a good glass I saw him buried deeply in the water, holding his neck well above it. It was evident he had some difficulty in getting out of it again. A few heavy and laborious flaps of his immense and powerful wings lifted him at last, but with empty talons. Very tired apparently, he flew to an adjacent bank of gravel and sat there for some minutes to rest. But his countenance and attitude were that of restlessness, eagerness, and disappointment. He then rose and returned to exactly the same point in the air, and thence made a second plunge. It was beautiful to see his bearing in the stream, with the water breaking against his great brown chest, and his arched neck keeping his snowy head clear of its turbulence. This time the difficulty in emerging was much greater, for his talons were fast in a fine salmon. With a strong effort, however, his pinions again lifted him and his prey, which it seemed as much as he could do to carry to the same bank of gravel, where the struggles of the fish were soon put an end to by the eagle's terrific clutches and his powerful beak. This was all honorable work, and although the osprey was frequently to be seen on

the same river, I never observed it to be followed or molested by the eagle. On another day one of these magnificent birds lighted on a blasted pine which overhung the river at the height of about five hundred feet, and from that elevation he watched one of our party playing a salmon, an operation which he seemed to regard with great curiosity, and probably with some longing to take his part in the sport. The pure white head and the equally pure tail of this fine eagle, in contrast with the dark chocolate brown of the rest of the plumage, make it one of the handsomest of its tribe.

The Provinces of North America have one great advantage which is not possessed by any part of Europe. They are in unbroken land connection with the tropics. There is no transverse range of mountains, there is no region of desert sands, no strait even of narrow sea, to impede the most delicate forms of the southern fauna from travelling northwards with the summer sun. It is wonderful how many tender creatures make out their passage to our own shores with the returning spring; but in Britain there are none which come from a farther distance than that limited belt of the African continent which lies between the Atlas and the Mediterranean. Very many of them pass their winters no farther off than the sunny banks of the Riviera. Last winter I found the olives at Cannes full of blackcaps and willow wrens, while the whitethroat and the Sardinian warbler sometimes serenaded us from the roses which climbed around our windows. But no bird from tropical Africa can cross the Desert and the Atlas. These great transverse barriers in the path of migration are barriers not to be overcome. In America, on the other hand, there is no such impediment in the way of an uninterrupted passage from the lowest southern to the highest northern latitudes. The consequence is that even Canada, whose soil is fast bound in ice for some five months of the year, is the resort in summer of a joyous company from the far south, who find upon their way a perfect continuity in the supply of food, and in their final goal, even amidst a very different vegetation, a summer heat which is fitted for the rearing of their young. It is due to this that the woods of North America are illuminated with the brilliant coloring of not a few species which almost seem to contrast unnaturally with the foliage of birch and pine. Foremost among these visitants from the far south

I knew that Canada was visited every year by a single species of that wonderful family of birds which is one of the glories of nature — the humming-birds. It was one of my great expectations in crossing the Atlantic that I might see the ruby-throat (*Trochilus colubris*). Everywhere I asked about it — whether any had been seen, and if so, where? Everywhere I was told that they were more or less common, but that they had not come that season yet — or that they were only to be seen in the evenings — or that they only come out on very hot days — or that they never came except to honeysuckle in the verandahs. My eye searched in vain round every horse-chestnut tree in blossom, under every "piazza" with baskets of flowers, and over the surface of every wall bedecked with creepers. The ruby-throat, like Wordsworth's cuckoo, was "still longed for, never seen." At last, in walking one day up the mountain behind Montreal, I leaned over a paling which enclosed the water reservoir of the city. Below me there was a steep bank of grass, facing the south, and rich in the common flowers of such grass in England. Suddenly there emerged from it what first struck me as a very large, but also a very narrow-shaped beetle, which flew with the straight, rapid, and steady flight of the larger coleoptera. As in them, the wings were not distinctly visible, but were represented by a sort of vibratory haze. I was speculating on this extraordinary object, when a clearer light revealed, projecting from the head of my supposed beetle, a long, slender, and curved proboscis or bill. In an instant it was flashed upon me that I was looking for the first time on the flight of a humming-bird in its wild and native state. I have often read of the insect-like habits and appearance of these birds. But until I saw it I had formed no distinct conception of this curious feature in their appearance. Its flight was not in the least like that of a bird. Nor was its gorgeous but partial brilliancy of coloring on the throat visible to me. The metallic green of the back of this particular species, which was turned towards me, being in shadow, produced a very dark effect upon the eye. But there it was — this gem of creation — this migrant from the far south — this representative of a group of birds whose headquarters are in the dense forests or among the luxuriant blossoms or on the lofty volcanic cones of tropical America — there it was living and flying among trees which might have been En-

glish trees, and over grass which was indistinguishable from English grass. I was not so fortunate as to see one other specimen alive in any part of Canada or the States. I heard of them, indeed, everywhere. At one place my informant had seen one a few evenings before in his own garden. At another place one had visited that morning some flowers in a window or a verandah. But, strange to say, where one other specimen was seen was near our encampment, thirty miles up the forests of the Restigouche, where there was no garden, not a single cultivated flower, and not even among the woods a single blossoming tree or shrub, except perhaps the mountain ash, the sloe, or the bird cherry. One of our party in search of rare birds saw a strange outline on the topmost twig of a withered pine, and on shooting it found, by the help of the Indians, that he had killed a "rubythroat." It brought home to me how secondary, in the distribution of animals, is the mere effect of climate and of vegetation. This humming-bird could evidently live quite as well in the woods of Scotland as in the woods of the Restigouche, so far as climate or food are concerned. If the trochilidae existed in any part of the Old World, and had an uninterrupted path of migration, we should doubtless have them every summer in England as surely as we have the swallow, or as Canada has the rubythroat. But this particular form of bird has been born, or created, or developed in the New World alone; and to that one sole area of distribution it is limited by surrounding oceans.

On the other hand, the ornithologist from Europe recognizes in the birds of North America a great number of species so closely allied to those at home that they have precisely the same habits and the same general aspect. The common thrush of America (*Turdus migratorius*), which the first colonists absurdly called the robin, for no other reason than that it has a russet-colored breast, is so like our own common thrush or blackbird that there is no generic difference whatever. Its alarm-notes combine those of the fieldfare and the blackbird. The bluebird (*Sialia sialis*) is the real representative of our robin, though it has not the same habits of familiarity with man. But it is not one or two species merely that exhibit this likeness. There is an obvious cousinship and correspondence between the great bulk of the species which cannot be mistaken, and the closeness of which

would be unaccountable if their original centres of origin had been separated, as the habitats now are, by three thousand miles of ocean. Naturalists are therefore now coming to trace the cause of this near relationship between the European and the North American fauna to that ancient connection which the two continents had at the time when the regions, which are now under Arctic conditions, were in the enjoyment of a climate compatible with a rich development of both animal and vegetable life. In that mysterious Miocene age when abundant forests, like the forests of Japan, flourished in Greenland, and in all probability elsewhere within the Arctic Circle, the Old and the New Worlds may have been united, so to speak—as, indeed, they almost now are—in their northern roots. One thing is quite certain, that if the near likeness to each other of different organic forms is the index of a common origin, if, in short, closely related species cannot have been created or developed in widely separated portions of the globe, then there must have been at some former time some close connection between Europe and America which does not exist at present. It is to be observed, however, that the impossibility of separate origins for forms alike, or even identical, is a mere assumption which may not be true. Although it figures largely in the theory of development as propounded by Mr. Darwin and by Mr. Wallace, it is no necessary part of the idea of creation by birth or by evolution. It is an assumption founded on another assumption—namely, that the natural variations of form which occur from time to time (and which are the supposed origin of species) are variations which can never be identical in two separate places; and this assumption rests again upon a third—namely, that varieties are really accidental, and not due to any internal law of growth inherent in all forms of life. But this is an assumption which not only may be, but probably is, contrary to fact. Mr. Darwin has never pretended to account for variations. He assumes that as a matter of fact they do occur, and that once they have occurred, they are preserved or rejected according as they do or do not fit well into surrounding conditions. This may be quite true, and yet it may be equally true that these variations are not accidental, but are determined by a law of which we know nothing, but which is as definite and certain in its operation as the law determining the primary and the deriva-

tive forms of crystals. In this case the same or closely similar forms may have arisen at widely different parts of the globe; and the necessity of any geographical connection between land surfaces now widely separated would be either disposed of altogether or would be pushed back to such primordial times as to be incapable of being traced. I am not now propounding this supposition as one which can be verified. It would certainly throw the whole subject of the distribution of species and genera into great confusion. But then it is a kind of confusion which closely corresponds with the apparent confusion which actually prevails in nature. The assumption that identical or almost identical forms cannot arise at any place but one, is an assumption which has a most attractive simplicity about it. It rests, however, upon nothing except upon the doctrine of chances. But if the work of creation and development is not a work subject to chance at all, but has been due to the evolution of germs having potential energies of a fixed and definite kind, then the doctrine of chances does not apply, and would be of little avail against the probability of similar forms appearing in regions very far apart. It is well known that the existing distribution of species is such as to involve the utmost difficulties in applying to it the theory of exclusive centres of creation. These difficulties are so great that to a naturalist so eminent and so competent as Agassiz they seemed insuperable. The counter hypothesis, which I have here suggested, does not exclude the probable effects of external conditions in modifying forms which are nevertheless mainly due to the laws of internal growth. And perhaps in some combination of these hypotheses the most probable solution may be found. The birds of North America present some cases of multiplied variety that suit very well the theory which dwells principally on the effect of surrounding conditions. But, on the other hand, there are many cases in which it does not seem to fit the facts at all. The boundless forests of that country, for example, seem admirably adapted to encourage the establishment of variety in such a family as that of the picidæ or woodpeckers. And accordingly we do find a very large variety of kindred forms, one of them scarcely distinguishable from its cousin in Europe. I saw at least three or four distinct species in the very limited distance I could penetrate into the forests of the Restigouche. But, on the

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other hand, let us see how the same expectation is disappointed in another remarkable family of birds—the alcedinidæ or kingfishers. If there is one feature which more than another distinguishes the North American continent, it is its wealth of waters. Mighty rivers with every degree of rapidity and of stillness, smaller streams in every measure of size, and with every variety of character, lakes in millions which are mere ponds, and lakes so large that the navigator upon them loses sight of land, creeks and lagoons of every shape and form, marshes fringed with wood, and marshes on the bare and open coast—and all this immense variety of aqueous surface swarming with fish, and with crustaceans, and with every form of creature that “inhabitheth the waters under the earth.” Yet in spite of all this wealth of external conditions, this vast hotbed, as one might have supposed, for the growth of variety in that peculiar family of birds which is specially adapted for the capture of fish, there is but one solitary species—the belted kingfisher. If the family were wholly unrepresented upon the American continent, this absence of variety would be less remarkable. But the stock exists. It has thrown off no varieties—one solitary species fishes in the boundless waters of North America from the Delaware to Baffin’s Bay. I may mention here that on examining a nest of this fine bird in a gravel bank on the Restigouche River we found that the eggs were laid not on fish bones, but on the broken shells of crayfish—which was the first intimation we had of the existence of these fresh-water crustaceans in the stream.

The truth is that as yet we have made very little way in understanding the origin of species. The general idea of origin by descent, or of creation by birth, fits well into many of the facts. But this general conception does not necessitate our acceptance of the particular theory of Mr. Darwin, that variations occur only as it were by accident, or only by small and almost insensible modifications, or that one particular form can only arise at one time and one place. On the contrary, it may be that all variations arise out of a definite and predetermined law, that this law may determine the appearance of the same forms at many places and at different times, and also that such changes are not always gradual or infinitesimally small, but sometimes comparatively sudden and comparatively large.

With regard to the birds of North America, I cannot doubt from what I saw and heard that as songsters they are inferior to our own. This is the testimony of Mrs. Grant, of Laggan, who was familiar with both. It is a curious circumstance that between one Canadian bird and the corresponding species at home, the only difference I could detect was that the American species was silent, whilst our own is always talking. I refer to that charming bird the common sandpiper (*Totanus hypoleucus*), abounding on the banks of every stream and lake in the Highlands. Its American cousin (*Totanus macularius*) is equally abundant on all the rivers of Canada; but whilst at home its call notes are incessant, and the male bird has even a continuous and most lively song, I did not hear a solitary sound from the sandpiper of Canada. This, however, may have been an accident, and the sandpipers are nowhere reckoned among the birds of song. One hears the migratory thrush (robin) everywhere, in the midst of the gardens and villas of towns and cities, and in every little clearing of forest on the outskirts of human habitation. It is a pleasant song, but decidedly inferior to any one of its cousins in Britain. It is inferior in power to the missal thrush, in variety to our common “mavis,” in melody to the blackbird. Near Niagara I heard one very broken and interrupted song of fine tone, and of considerable power. But although I was in the woods and fields of Canada and of the States in the richest moment of the spring, I heard little of that burst of song which in England comes from the blackcap and the garden warbler, and the whitethroat, and the reed warbler, and the common wren, and (locally) from the nightingale. Above all, there is one great want which nothing can replace. The meadows of North America were to my eye thoroughly English in appearance, the same rich and luxuriant grass—the same character of wild flowers—and even the same weeds. The skies of America are higher and wider, and more full of sunshine. But there is no skylark to enjoy that “glorious privacy of light.” “The sweetest singer in the Heavenly Father’s choir” * is wanting in

* I quote this line from some verses of great beauty published in a little volume of poems, “Songs of the Rail,” by Alexander Anderson, a surface-man on one of our Scotch railways. Some of these verses on the skylark appear to me to compare not unfavorably with those which have been written on the same subject by several of the masters of English song. London: Simpkin, Marshall, & Co. Edinburgh: J. Menzies & Co.

the New World. I cannot help thinking that it might be introduced. Of course the winters of Canada and of the Northern States would compel it to follow almost all the other birds which summer there, and to retire with them until the return of spring to Virginia or the Carolinas. It would be an interesting experiment. I do not know whether it has been tried. If not, I would suggest it to my American friends as one worth trying. It would be a happier introduction than that of the "London sparrow."

I cannot conclude this very hasty sketch of my first impressions of the New World without thanking the many friends and countrymen both in the States and in the Dominion who offered their hospitality or otherwise testified their kindness. Circumstances compelled me to avoid society, and to find my occupations in the woods and on the waters. But I saw enough to assure me that even the most insignificant services in their great and now triumphant cause is never forgotten in the American Union. In Canada I had abundant evidence that old hereditary associations are not less strong than at home. It was a real joy to see the vast regions of hospitable soil which afford there an inexhaustible outlet for the increase of our people, and to feel that the facilities of communication which are every year extending will tend more and more to keep up the attachment of the colonists to the land of their fathers.

From Blackwood's Magazine.

HOW I FELL AMONG THIEVES.

I AM a single lady of good position and independent means—say from four to five hundred a year. I have no near relations and no settled home, my health making it generally advisable for me to spend the winter abroad. In summer and autumn I am glad to be in my "ain countree," and my friends kindly assure me that I am always welcome at their various houses. I desire no pleasanter way of passing the time I am able to spend in my native country; and my means have hitherto enabled me, with due economy, to prevent my visits from becoming burdensome to those whose fortune is less wide than their hospitality of heart. I am anxious to make this clear, because it may be thought that, in the tale I am about to tell, there breathes a spirit of niggardliness unworthy the

possessor of the comfortable income I have mentioned. But every one knows their own affairs best; and though I am aware that many even of the friends who are acquainted with the exact amount of my fortune, think it must be more than sufficient for my solitary wants, the estimate is unfair. My own personal expenses, indeed, are moderate. I must, of course, dress well. I must have a maid. I must travel like a lady, which too often means, in this country, that my maid must travel like a lady also. I must be ready with a perennial stream of loose silver for guards and porters, with handsome vails for servants, meaning not only the housemaids and coachmen—who once on a time were the only terrors in one's path—but the butlers, footmen, and pages amongst whom my lot may be cast. I have my hotels, boarding-houses, and travelling-expenses abroad; and I like, of course, to bring little presents when I come home to my friends and their children. Then there are one's charities, doctors, and church dues. Still I admit that for all this I have enough and to spare—only people think I have *more* than enough. I am alone in the world; I have neither husband nor children to think of; I have no poor relations openly and directly dependent on my purse; no household to provide for, no visitors to entertain, no taxes, say the thoughtless and superficial, to pay. What can I do with my money? What, but be ready to give it to anybody who chooses to lay claim to it, my creditors being all the more numerous because not one has any special right to the pot.

When I say that I have been lately in Italy, it may be supposed from the title of this paper that the following is a tale of brigandage abroad, in which my own courage and presence of mind are to call for the admiration of all who may read it. Let me at once state that I never met with any vulgar robbers—they are vulgar enough now—even in Italy, and that I have never risked my maid's life or my own in imprudent expeditions in search of the picturesque. And let me confess at once that I showed neither courage, presence of mind, nor even, perhaps common sense, in the circumstances I am about to describe. Indeed, but for a faint hope that the recital of my misfortunes may induce other sufferers to join me in protesting against a tyranny becoming year by year more dangerous and oppressive, which is injurious, moreover, as much to the moral characters of

those who inflict it, as to the purses and tempers of those who writhe under it, — well, if I did not hope that others, as weak, singly, as myself, might yet be found collectively strong enough to denounce and revolt against the black-mail system, of which I am going to give an instance, I should prefer to submit to it in silence, and only try to forget what I was helpless enough to endure.

On my return from the Continent last year, I went to pay my usual round of country visits, beginning with one to some people whose acquaintance I had only made the previous summer, having met and taken a fancy to one of the girls at the house of a mutual friend. While abroad I heard from her that she was going to be married, and, of course, I wrote to offer my congratulations. In reply came a pressing invitation to pay the family a visit, and to be present at the marriage, which was to take place at their country-seat in Scotland. This invitation I at once rashly accepted, and as I was going to a wedding, I determined not to go empty-handed. Indeed I had already, I thought, provided myself with the needful wedding present, having, while at Naples, been tempted into buying an extremely pretty little bookstand in carved olive-wood — not, I grant you, a *very* costly thing, but really very pretty and useful; and more expensive — for it was beautifully carved and inlaid — than an ignorant person might suppose. It was somewhat cumbrous to carry, and endless was the bother my maid and I had to make it fit into its proper corner of my trunk. The damage its sharp edges did to my frills, laces, and dresses, nearly led to a rupture between my "faithful Abigail" and myself; and as for the worry and anxiety it caused me on a rather roundabout homeward journey, when my dread of its being injured by rough usage was constantly bringing down on me the suspicions of *douaniers* and *gendarmes*, I should never have done if I began to chronicle my adventures. Behold these, however, happily over, and myself arriving, with my troublesome but precious convoy, safe at the home of my friends the Macivors, let us call it Loch Cateran. I pass over the arrival itself, and my welcome, which was all that a weary traveller could desire. Indeed it must be understood that, except in one particular, I have no cause but to feel grateful for my treatment while in the power of this amiable though ruthless gang. Each member of it individually is

charming. Nevertheless I have been despoiled, and a bitterness must now mingle with my recollection of what should have been a cheerful and agreeable visit.

My maid and I had unpacked the terrible bookstand for, as we fondly hoped, the last time. Its diabolical propensity to evil induced it, on taking its departure forever from the vicinity of my long-suffering wardrobe, to spring out of my maid's hands on to the top of my best cap. We smothered our groans, however, in songs of rejoicing at being at last rid of our imp of mischief; and as we unwrapped it from its coverings, and set it on a table, overjoyed to find its delicate tracery, clear-cut corners, and polished surface unharmed, we felt almost repaid for our troubles.

"Well, to be sure, it *is* pretty," said my maid. "I'm sure, ma'am, there won't be a prettier wedding present than that amongst them all."

"I hope they will like it," said I, modestly. How glad I felt afterwards that I had not betrayed to my maid my own secret, proud anticipations on the subject!

I settled in my own mind (most fortunately — no, perhaps I should say most unfortunately) that I would defer the presentation of my gift until the next day. The first evening there would be so much to talk of — so much to hear and tell. My beautiful bookstand (now that I had nothing more to do with its transport, I could heartily appreciate its perfection) would add too much to the excitement of the evening. Pleasure would almost become satiety. Better enjoy for a few hours longer the prospect of the happy, grateful looks which to-morrow should be centred on my present. Probably the pleasure would be enhanced by surprise. They could hardly *expect* me to give a wedding present, seeing that there was not the most distant shade of relationship between us, and that our friendship was of such short standing. But how delightful it is to confer unexpected benefits! Did I grudge the money and trouble this present had cost me? Far from it.

At dinner we talked a good deal of my travels. "How charming! What a delightful winter you must have had, dear Miss Fairgame!" said one after another of my listeners, as, in the innocence of my heart, I told where I had been. "How I should like to travel about as you do!"

"Ah!" said I, "but you know I travel for health as much as for pleasure."

"Well, I shouldn't mind travelling for health too. But one must be rich to do that, especially nowadays, when, as you say, prices have risen so much everywhere."

"Yes," I replied, incautiously; "it is shocking the way in which prices have risen. It is the fault of these Americans. Now, at Naples, where I was for a short time —"

"Oh, were you at Naples? — were you really at Naples?" exclaimed Flora, the bride-elect, who had hitherto seemed to take a less vivid interest than the others in my humdrum travels, being very naturally preoccupied with her own approaching honeymoon trip. "Oh, tell me, did you see an —"

"An eruption of Vesuvius? Yes," said I, with all a traveller's satisfaction in finding the conversation drift so naturally towards the most impressive point of my narrative. "You would like to hear about it — well —"

"Oh, very much; but — I was going to ask, did you see any very pretty coral when you were at Naples? Can you tell me about the prices there? People say you can pick up things for nothing; and in this country, you know, coral is so expensive."

"Well," said I, after a slight pause of mortification — for I could see from the really grave anxiety in the girl's face, as she waited for my answer, that the grandeurs of the volcano had little chance beside this trumpery question of coral — "I can't say that I found one could pick up anything quite for nothing. But if you are going to Naples —" I paused, thinking what shops I could recommend.

"Oh no, I'm afraid there's no hope of getting so far. But one could commission it — the coral, I mean. The truth is," she added confidentially, "one of my uncles has given me some money as a wedding present — it's just ten pounds, but I thought I might get some handsome coral ornaments with it. Unfortunately I've got so little jewellery amongst my presents, and one can't do without jewellery now, you know. Now would you advise me to write to a friend of mine who is coming home from India through Italy to buy me ten pounds' worth of coral? Of course I should expect to get a *very* nice set for that money."

"Should you?" said I, doubtfully. "Well, I should advise you *not* to give your friend the commission." I was thinking of the difficulty I had had in executing a very similar one with which I had

been charged by a friend for whom I had brought home some coral ornaments, which, however, had cost more than the sum named by Flora.

"But why not? Do you really not think, Miss Fairgame, that ten pounds will buy nice coral, even in Naples? Then what in the world am I to do with it? And I do so want jewellery of some kind. Only think how provoking it is: people have given me such heaps of useless things — travelling-clocks, I've just got three; and six inkstands, and two sets of salt-cellar; isn't it too bad?"

I was silent, partly with surprise at the number, partly, I must own, with alarm at the cool and practical estimate which was evidently put on friendship's offerings. A dim distrust was rising in my mind about my own present. Would it not also be classed with the useless things?

"Couldn't you give me some idea, Miss Fairgame, of what I could do with ten pounds? I don't care for trumpery garnets, for I know one can get them cheap enough."

"Really I — I can't advise. Only don't send for coral," said I, emphatically, as our hostess moved, and we rose from table. But what were my sensations when, as I paused on my way to the drawing-room to look at a family portrait, I heard a hurried whispering in the passage behind me, — "Oh, do you really think so? How lucky you haven't spent Uncle John's ten pounds!" and Flora's answer, "Yes, I'm sure of it. She told me *not* to send for coral. I wonder if I shall get it this evening. I'm dying to see it. But perhaps she hasn't had time to unpack it —"

I fled on to the drawing-room before it could be discovered that I had overheard them. Here, alas! was my mistake number one. But would not any well-bred person have done the same? Besides, I was too confounded to consider what I was about.

Now what had I said or done to lead Flora to imagine — what *right* had she to imagine — that I meant to bestow on her anything so expensive as coral, or jewellery of any description? I cannot remember what happened during the first ten minutes after making this horrible discovery. I found myself at last sitting staring at a photograph-book which somebody had brought me, and wildly trying to recall what had passed at dinner. It flashed on me that I had been spoken of as "rich," and that I had not repelled the

insinuation. My heart sank as I remembered every trifling little boast I had made about the places I had gone to, the sights I had seen. I shrank like a detected thief when some of the girls came about me, admiring my lace, studying my few ornaments. I felt as if my value was being calculated, my goods appraised. I glanced fearfully in Flora's intelligent face, expecting to read in it her knowledge that I actually had in my possession the very coral she coveted. For so it was. I was taking it to the friend who had commissioned me to bring it for her, and whom I was by-and-by going to visit. I had meant to show it to Flora that she might judge of the value of coral. But could I do so now?

For the rest of the evening I was really miserable. I know how silly it may appear to say so, but I must tell the truth. I hate to disappoint people, and I can't bear to seem shabby. There are women — I am becoming almost inclined to envy them — who are not troubled by such sensitive scruples; women who will go into a shop, turn over everything and buy nothing; women who will pay off their obligations to servants and railway guards with a bland word and a brazen-faced smile; women who even pride themselves on getting through the world at anybody's cost but their own. Of such Becky Sharps I am not yet one. I confess my weakness and seek not to palliate it.

The evening passed on. To cover the discomfort which had seized me, I tried to talk. The wedding now was the subject to which everything else converged.

"To-morrow," said my hostess, "you must see all Flora's presents. Dear child — our friends have been so kind; she really has got some lovely things; and, with a few exceptions, all very useful. Of course there are the usual duplicates. Some people seem to have no ideas beyond these everlasting writing-table sets, and hideous ormolu candlesticks; and there are a few bits of trumpery, which one must make the best of, you know," she added, laughing. "But, on the whole, the presents will make a very good show on Thursday. That, you know, is quite one of the features of a wedding nowadays, and, indeed, I don't know what we should do without it sometimes. Such a relief to the dulness and *gêne* which used to prevail! Now there are the wedding presents to look at, and talk about — and, by the by, that reminds me, Mary" (to the second daughter), "we must write these cards to-morrow. Cards"

(to me) "with the names of the donors are put on the presents, so every one knows what everybody else has given. The difficulty is to arrange them so that everything is properly seen. It wouldn't do at all if people were to go about saying, 'I see nothing from the So-and-soes;' or, 'I wonder what the Somebodies have given.'"

"So that is the fashion now," said I, faintly trying to smile. "It's so long since I happened to be at a wedding."

"Oh then, I assure you, you'll find a great change for the better."

"That depends, aunt," laughed a bridesmaid-cousin who was staying in the house. "At the last wedding I was at — you remember, Flora, when you and I were Julia Macfinn's bridesmaids — what a business we had! You know the Macfinns, don't you, Miss Fairgame? Yes, I'm sure I've heard them speak of you."

No doubt she had. A guilty blush rose to my cheeks in spite of my real consciousness of innocence. I knew the Macfinns very well. When Octavia, the youngest one, was married about a couple of years ago, I gave her a very nice wedding present. But I was abroad at the time of Julia's marriage; and of course — as the Macfinns had no actual claims on me — I remember being very glad to be, as I thought, out of the way.

"Well, you know, when Octavia Macfinn married she got lovely presents. She made such a good match, and people thought, I suppose, that, as she was the youngest, there was no chance of the other seven going off. But, to the horror of everybody, Julia, the eldest one, married the very next year. Flora and I were her bridesmaids. It was a very poor affair of a wedding. She married the clergyman, you know — a poor incumbent of the English chapel. Well, you should have seen the shabby turn-out of presents we had to show off. I was quite ashamed. Knitted scarves, and sofa blankets, as if it had been a charity bazaar; and books — fit, I suppose people thought, for a clergyman's wife; and rubbishy scent-bottles, and paper-weights; and there was even one of those useless little wooden book-cases — those ugly carved things, you know, that one picks up quite cheap, and never thinks of putting on a drawing-room table now."

Will any sympathizing person try to imagine my feelings at this crisis? The talk went on, but I followed it not. As it buzzed in and out of my ears, the words "trumpery," "shabby," "absurd," "not

worth giving," seemed alone to force their way to my brain.

We went to bed at last. My hostess and her daughters escorted me to my room. "I hope you will be comfortable," said the former.

"Oh, most comfortable," was my mechanical reply, as I *seemed* to look round on the luxuriously appointed chamber, while my eyes fastened only on the something, loosely covered with its brown wrappings, which was placed for safety on the top of the drawers.

"Is there anything you want?" said Flora, earnestly, perceiving, no doubt, the hidden anguish in my tone.

"Oh, nothing, I am sure —" I stopped short. Was not this the moment to seize for hurling at her my unfortunate present, and at once destroying her illusion about my intentions? I might have seized it, for I was desperate; but at this very juncture my ill-starred maid, who was busy over one of my boxes, chanced to take from it the very case of coral which I was afraid of Flora's catching sight of. In my alarm I hastily thrust myself in front of it to conceal it; and while I thus stood guard over it, not daring to move, they bade me good-night. Yet as they did so, was it only my terrified fancy which made me see in each face bent to kiss me a wolfish look of curiosity to find out what my maid was doing with the box behind me? Was there a covert smile lurking round Flora's mouth? was there a tone of still tenderer interest in her mother's voice as she begged me to ring for anything I wanted? I cannot tell. I will not let my prejudices hurry me too far. But I know that I had little sleep that night as I lay pondering over my situation. I went down to breakfast next morning, my perplexities still unsolved. But I knew that to-day *something* must be done. My tribute must be paid in some shape, and, alas! I already knew the only form in which it was likely to be acceptable. As I entered the breakfast parlor, an ominous silence, different from the friendly cheerfulness of the night before, seemed to prevail; and I half shrank back as I remembered that the banditti awaiting me — I beg their pardon, but I must give a faithful description of my feelings — might expect me to appear provided with the ransom they had set on my head. But, to my relief, I found that the post had come, and they were all busy with their letters. One was for me, and I took it and slunk to my place as quietly as possible, so as not to

attract the attention of the fortunately preoccupied brigands towards my empty-handed condition.

My letter was from a cousin, and it told me that her daughter — my godchild — was engaged to be married. You may be surprised to hear that this news came to me at first rather as a pleasure than a shock. But, firstly, I was really fond of my goddaughter; secondly, one has a sort of insane satisfaction in announcing a wedding; thirdly, a wild hope crossed my mind that the evident necessity of my giving some handsome present to my godchild might induce the Macivors to abate their own inferior pretensions. Armed with this last thought, I now ventured to raise my eyes and to listen to what was going on. I was seated beside my host; but he, good man, was so engrossed with his *salmi* of grouse, that though I was supposed to be talking to him, any incoherent observations did very well, and I was able to catch — with hearing that had become painfully sharp — the conversation carried on in a half-aside at the other end of the table.

Flora (First Robber). Such a nice note from dear Mrs. Brown Richardson! She's coming over to luncheon some day.

Flora's Mother. That vulgar woman! I hope she won't come, I really can't stand her purse-proud airs.

Flora. But, dear mother, just listen. She asks what I should like best — a Dresden tea-set or a bracelet? Now that's what I call being really friendly.

The Mother (relenting). Well, so it is.

Second Robber (a younger sister). Which will you take, Flo? The bracelet, I should say. You want jewellery awfully.

First Robber. Well, I don't know. I should like a lovely Dresden tea-set. Let me see what jewellery I've got (*counts on her fingers*). Two silver card-cases —

The Mother. You needn't count these as jewellery. Stupid things, too, nowadays.

First Robber. Well, then — three brooches, two bracelets —

Second Robber. They're only morning ones. Hardly worth counting.

First Robber (nettled at these aspersions on her success). I've got a pair of pearl ear-rings and three lockets.

A Confederate (the bridesmaid-cousin whom yesterday I took for a sweet, pleasing girl, but who now turns out to be the most daring and dangerous of the gang). Only three lockets! Helena Macgregor had six, not to speak of the whole set of

family cairngorms; and Blanche de Bois-Guilbert had the loveliest diamonds.

Third Robber (a youthful but promising villain of sixteen.) I don't see why the Brown Richardsons shouldn't give both the bracelet and the tea-set. They're so tremendously rich.

First Robber. Oh! talking of diamonds. Mother, isn't that a letter from Aunt Dives at last? Oh, what does she say about —

The Captain of the Band (gloomily). Nothing. She doesn't even mention. Well, it's a kind letter. She sends you her love, and her blessing, and —

Chorus of Robbers. But the diamonds! Didn't she say she would give us her diamonds when we married? Oh, what a shame it will be if she doesn't!

The Captain (soothingly). Oh, I dare say it will be all right. She certainly told me she meant to do so.

First Robber (with emotion). Surely she might send me a brooch, or even a ring or two. She would never miss them.

The Captain. Perhaps, dear, she means to give you something when you go to visit her.

The Confederate. But that won't help us on Thursday. Oh, I wish some more jewellery would come in before Thursday! To be sure there will be — *(She pauses suddenly, as she sees me listening, and the conversation turns all at once upon the weather.)*

"I must ride over to the Hermitage to-day," says Flora as we leave the table. "I may as well go to luncheon. You see, dear Miss Fairgame, I have to go and say good-bye to a dear old lady — Miss Monypenny, one of our neighbors — so you won't mind my running away this morning?"

"Oh, not at all. Pray don't think of me," say I, with heartfelt earnestness. Here was an unlooked-for respite.

"But what shall we do to amuse Miss Fairgame?" says her mother.

"Oh, I dare say you would like to see all dear Flora's presents."

"Oh, so much; but — I think I've letters to write this morning."

So I got away to my room and sat down to reconsider the terrible question weighing on me. By this time, indeed, the question was narrowing itself — the alternatives before me drawing closer and closer. My poor friend's coral was doomed, or, at least, she was doomed to lose it. The idea of appropriating it to meet my own exigencies was no longer contemplated with even a shudder of re-

morse. My downward course had begun. But the perplexity still before me was, could I rescue the coral from Flora even by pleading the obligation of giving it to my goddaughter?

Oh, why could I not say at once, plump and plain, "I am *not* rich, in spite of my five hundred a year. I can't afford to make handsome presents to everybody. You are not a relation, and have no claims on me. I brought you this bookstand: accept it with my best wishes, but hope for no more?"

I confess I was getting so angry and disgusted with the mercenary spirit which seemed to have seized on the girl who, when I first met her, was pure, generous, and open as the day, unstained by cupidity, and to whom the vice of ingratitude would have seemed as a mythical monster, that I would willingly have heard her addressed in this fashion by somebody else. But how could I bring myself to make such a speech?

Time passed on. I heard the sound of horses' feet, and from my window beheld Flora and one of her sisters ride away. I calculated how long it would be before they could return from what I shrewdly guessed to be a foraying expedition. At least I was now safe till after luncheon, and, summoning courage, I boldly descended to the drawing-room. There I found my hostess and her accomplices busy writing the cards of which she had spoken last night.

"Oh, here's Miss Fairgame!" cried the bridesmaid-cousin as I appeared. "She'll help us, perhaps. A blank card, please, for Miss Fairgame. Now, let us see, whose name is to be written next?"

I set my teeth and steeled my resolution. I suppose one always does so at the first application of torture, and so for the moment I came off victorious. I waited to be told the name I was to write.

"We may as well have a card ready for Miss Monypenny," said one of the robbers. "She's sure to give something." I wrote down, with a sensation of fiendish malice, the name of Miss Monypenny.

Happily, before things went further, some callers arrived. They stayed to luncheon, after which there was an exhibition of the presents. I don't remember what these new victims contributed, but I know something was disorged by them, for I heard murmurs of dissatisfaction after they had driven away. "Well, I do think, with their fortune, they might have given something better than this." I took care to hear no more. I also joy-

fully accepted an invitation from the governess and some of the children to go and look at the poultry and the rabbits. Amongst these innocent, dumb creatures I should surely not hear of wedding presents.

Towards five o'clock I went back to the house, too sick of the rabbits and too weary for my tea to think of the certainty of Flora's having returned from her raid on the Hermitage. As I approached the drawing-room, a clatter of teacups and a Babel of voices drowned the sound of my steps. The door was open. Shall I be condemned if I confess I stood still and listened? The full peril of my situation had returned to my mind, and were not any means fair which might help to extricate me from my dilemma?

"O Flora! and you've really got that delicious, quaint old cream-jug! But how did you manage it? I thought nothing would make Miss Monypenny give up that old silver cream-jug."

Flora. Well, I thought so too. Really, I never hoped for this. But what do you think it was she did mean to give me? You'll never guess. A copy of Milton's "Paradise Lost"! I saw it lying on the table. (*Howls of execration.*) Well, you know, when she began talking of my being fond of poetry, I really couldn't help it. I said, "Oh, dear Miss Monypenny, I can't bear poetry!" Of course I said it quite naturally, and the dear old thing never suspected I had noticed the abominable book. And then, after luncheon—and at luncheon I had been admiring the cream-jug so—well, she took Kitty aside and asked what I had got, and which I would like best—the book or something else. And Kitty was so clever, and said, "Oh, you know, Miss Monypenny, a book just lies on the table. Now, something that Flora could use every day, and think of you." And then she gave me the cream-jug. Wasn't it nice of her?

The Cousin-bridesmaid. Yes, yes; very nice. And now, if Miss Faigame would only make haste with that coral she's to give you. I was quite provoked that we hadn't it to-day to show to those shabby—s. Perhaps if you had stayed at home to-day, Flora— But still, it was worth while going to the Hermitage for this.

I am once more in my room. They bring me my tea. I say I have a headache. My maid comes to ask me where she is to put the bottle-imp which still

stands on the drawers. "It's so in the way, ma'am." "Put it in the fire," I reply, with savage gloom. My maid looks frightened. She has heard that there's a sort of "low fever" going about.

My headache is forced to yield to the multiplicity of remedies pressed on me by my brigand hosts, all anxious, no doubt, to keep me alive long enough to let them carry out their designs on my property. The captain nurses me like a sister. The robbers take it in turn to sit by me and "amuse me." Once more I am offered a sight of the wedding presents, and I hear the tale of Julia Macfinn's wrongs. By the by, the afternoon post has brought news of a reported engagement of another of that hitherto unfortunate sisterhood.

Let me hasten over the painful conclusion of my tale. The next morning, after another night of mental struggle, I succumbed to my fate. The case of coral passed into the hands of my foes. As I yielded it up, I tried hard to wear a face of smiling calm, but the effort was too great for me. I saw, too, that Flora failed equally in calling up on her face an expression of pleased astonishment. There was a certain relief and triumph in her eye—that was all. She seemed even to have some difficulty in finding suitable words of admiration for the very ornaments on which I thought she had set her heart. I don't know what she had expected them to be like. It was altogether a rather awkward scene, and we were all glad, I am sure, when it was ended.

Then, when all was over, I retired again to write my letter of apology and explanation to my injured friend—my letter of congratulation, such as I could make it, to my godchild, whom, for the first time, I wished somebody else's godchild—a letter of uneasy inquiry into the truth of the reported Macfinn engagement. I used to feel a kindly pity for these poor girls; now the still remaining six pass before my mind's eye in a procession terrible as Banquo's kings, and I prefer not to be forced to state my real wishes regarding their future.

Before concluding, I might have described the wedding with all its attendant festivities, which, I am bound to say, passed off to perfection. But I will only chronicle one more little incident. I had been mortified, as I think may have been seen, with the reception accorded even to the beautiful coral ornaments which I had at last screwed myself up to sacrificing on the altar of friendship. After

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the wedding, and while we were waiting for the breakfast, I was standing in a corner near the table, round which buzzed the crowd of wedding guests, loudly admiring, and no doubt, like myself, secretly criticising, the gifts thereon displayed. Amongst these I beheld my poor coral, pushed rather aside to make room for Mrs. Brown Richardson's sumptuous, showy bracelet, which, to the joy of the whole family—whose credit seemed to be staked on the due splendor of this exhibition of, I had well-nigh said, stolen goods—had just arrived in time to add its lustre to the show. My present had got wedged in behind a plated silver teapot, milk-jug, and sugar-basin of the most florid type, hideous in design, and utterly useless to Flora in her future home, but which, as a tribute, gathered from her father's tenants—as was duly set forth in the inscription emblazoned on them—held a post of honor in the centre of the table, along with a great silver and pebble brooch, the offering of the household retainers. Do I sneer at the idea of inviting our humble friends to show their sympathy with us in our rejoicings? Surely not; but as I looked at the expensive and ugly trophies, I could not refrain from wondering if the poor housemaid, who must have subscribed her five shillings or so for the purchase, had been allowed even as free a choice in the matter as had been left to myself. Is a tyrannical social pressure brought into play in the kitchen as well as in the drawing-room? And why, in the name of taste and fitness, must *her* present take the form of a testimonial so vulgarly ostentatious? But to go back for a moment to my coral.

"And Miss Fairgame—where is her present?" I heard somebody say. "Ah," as the bits of coral were one by one thrust forward, "pretty enough; but I should have thought *she* would have given something really handsome. A rich woman like her, with nobody to think of but herself."

Let me conclude this melancholy story of extortion and injustice by making an appeal to our legislators and rightful protectors: Will no benevolent M. P. move for the introduction of a bill, specifying the exact amount of the tax which may be levied on people when, for their misfortune, their friends get married? Should not a certain rule of consanguinity determine its amount, as in the case of succession duty? If this were so, one could easily estimate one's liabilities. We

should have to allow so much for our cousins, first, second, or fiftieth, whose numbers and even chances of matrimony we might determine by a simple calculation. So much for our acquaintances. (A very small percentage might suffice for them. Of course there need be no attempt to limit our liberality to real friends.) So much for people we have nothing to do with. So much for people we absolutely dislike. This system may seem at first sight alarming, but I am persuaded it would really be cheaper and more satisfactory than the present one. The money could be paid down, a due notification of the sum required being forwarded with every announcement of a wedding. There would be a positively incalculable saving of fuss, bother, and worry, not to speak of what I believe would be the saving in money.

Is any one anxious to know what I have done with my bookcase? I have it still. It is the skeleton in my cupboard—at least in my portmanteau. I dare not give it away as a mere *gage d'amour*, for such causeless generosity would too surely confirm the general hallucination about my wealth. I must not leave it in any one's charge, or allow any one to see it, for I have resolved that it must still fulfil its mission as a wedding present. I think of the six Macfins, and I say to myself, "It will do for one of them."

It *shall* do.

From Macmillan's Magazine.

LIFE AT HIGH PRESSURE.

How comes it that so many great men, men that have been great benefactors of their kind and have left great works behind them, have had to live under pressure, with strained energies, and the sense of having too much to do? It seems as if men could hardly become great under the conditions of a calm, leisurely life. A man cannot run at his fastest, or swim his furthest, in ordinary circumstances; he must be running in an exciting race, or swimming for dear life, to do his best. It rarely appears what a man is capable of till he is put to his mettle. Necessity is a wonderful educator, a wonderful enlarger and quickener of men's faculties. We lately read an account of a printing machine which from eight cylinders can print and fold about a hundred thousand newspapers in an hour.

What but the pressure of necessity could ever have made machinery accomplish such wonders? It needs something of the same sort to take the most out of human faculties. Under the pressure, the faculties become enlarged and quickened, and are thus capable of producing results that calm leisure never attains.

Still it is true that overwork is an evil. It is more—it is often a murderer. Sir Walter Scott, Sir James Simpson, Dr. Norman Macleod, and many others certainly did not live to the end of their days, and it was overwork that robbed them of the residue. No doubt, as is often said, it is not work but worry that does the mischief. But worry is the daughter of overwork; it is having too little time to be patient that gives the feeling of worry; it is having the nerves so stretched that the slightest opposition frets them. When a celebrated editor complained of being

Overworked, overworried,
Over-Croker'd, over-Murray'd,

the first word of his lamentation explained all the rest. Undoubtedly, then, overwork while a means to good, is itself an evil. A distinguished man of our acquaintance used to say that the most desirable condition of life was to have just somewhat more to do than you could possibly accomplish. Not far too much, for that would crush you; but enough to check the tendency to laziness, enough to supply a perpetual spur. The evil is that it is so difficult to realize this happy condition; men who are able to do much are usually pressed to do far too much; and the warning which so often comes in the form of paralysis or of heart-disease, comes too late to admit of a remedy.

It must be accepted, we apprehend, as the true state of things that while there are evils inseparable from high pressure and overwork, the best that a strong man is capable of cannot be done without them. Let us observe, for example, how careful an overworked man is to make the most of his time. What an early riser he becomes! Can anything make a man start from the luxury of a half-waking, half-sleeping state in bed like the conviction that if he is not at work at a given minute the whole business of the day will be thrown into arrear and inevitable confusion? Dickens has a character somewhere who says he always goes to bed with regret and rises with disgust. The pressure of work removes both the regret and the disgust, for at bed-time bed is

welcome to the busy worker, while in the morning it is a thief and a robber. How much more rapidly one runs through the newspaper when there is but ten minutes for it; or how much more quickly one transacts business, or makes inquiries, or goes through friendly greetings, when dozens are waiting in the anteroom, let doctors and lawyers say. "Don't go to men of leisure when you want anything done—go to busy men," was a saying of the late George Moore's, of Bow Churchyard, himself a busy man, the architect of a colossal business, and yet able to carry on his shoulders the interests of innumerable charities. In the United States they have a rule in some of their conventions that speakers shall not occupy more than two minutes. It seems to many as if a speaker would need that time at least to clear his throat; and yet it is wonderful what can be said in two minutes when neither love nor money can eke out the allowance.

Besides saving time, the pressure of work makes the mental machinery go faster. The mind comes under an excitement which quickens all its processes. The steam gets up, and the piston flies through the cylinder like lightning. Pieces of work have been done in these moods that would not, or could not have been done under more still and quiet conditions. If St. Paul had not led so busy a life, his epistles would have borne a different character. They would not have the stimulating power they have. The rush and rapidity of the apostle's mind communicates itself to his readers. The same thing is true, in a sense, of the speeches of most great orators. Such things could not be produced in cold blood. Men must be on wings to do them. If the rocket were not discharged in a sort of frantic excitement, it would not describe the beautiful curve which it traces. It is certain that the leisure which busy men so naturally crave would greatly restrict and impair many of their greatest efforts. Their work might indeed be done with more finish and beauty of detail, but it would have far less of the living and quickening power to which, very probably, its chief value is due. No doubt, if sober thought be the chief thing needed in a piece of work, the slower it is done the better; a judge must be deliberate, and solemn, and slow; but if the purpose be to illuminate, to quicken, to impel, the mind will be all the better of the excitement that comes from the pressure of too much to do.

When able men are urged on in this way, it is wonderful what they can do even in their *hora subseciva*. Sometimes it seems as if they could never stop. They go on like the Flying Dutchman, as if they were embodiments of the perpetual motion. There is Mr. Gladstone, for example. No sooner is he relieved of the burden of the premiership than he is up to the neck in Homer. When people are wondering how he gets time to keep up his Greek, he is out with an elaborate pamphlet on Ultramontanism. Hardly is the ink dry when a publication is announced on the Turkish massacres. And when people are thinking him fairly exhausted, he goes through an electioneering campaign like a meteor, and delivers a succession of speeches, that for every quality of powerful and brilliant oratory fill the whole world with astonishment. We suppose that in his best days a similar activity must have characterized Lord Brougham. When could he have written his papers for the Useful Knowledge Society, or studied and written his chapters on Paley's "Natural Theology"? The sparks from such men's anvils are equal to the chief products of ordinary craftsmen. But even these men would probably have been eclipsed by the activity of the Spanish poet, Lope de Vega. It was calculated that twenty-one million three hundred thousand of his lines were actually printed, and no less than eighteen hundred plays of his composition acted upon the stage. "Were we to give credit to such accounts," says Lord Holland, "allowing him to begin his compositions at the age of thirteen, we must believe that on an average he wrote more than nine hundred lines a day; a fertility of imagination and a celerity of pen which, when we consider the occupations of his life as a soldier, a secretary, a master of a family, and a priest, his acquirements in Latin, Italian, and Portuguese, and his reputation for erudition, become not only improbable, but absolutely, and one may say physically, impossible."

With such cases before us, we come more readily to understand the paradox that the busiest men are those who have most time, or at least most capacity, for extra work. The medical profession is full of instances. It is remarkable that the late Sir James Simpson, for instance, in the midst of an unprecedented professional practice should have been a keen antiquary, and should have found time to write so many antiquarian memoirs. It is said of the late Dr. Abercrombie, that

his works on the "Intellectual and Moral Powers of Man" were composed in his carriage, as he was driving to see his patients. The instances of medical men in the height of practice writing papers for the medical journals, or preparing professional works for the press, are very numerous. The faculties of such men are so ready that in their moments of leisure they can do more than many another man who has no stated work at all. Even ordinary men understand quite well how irksome a very small bit of work, like the writing of letters, is in a holiday time, when one is idle in the country; whereas in the height of one's activity, a dozen letters could be dashed off in an hour, and not even counted in the hard work of the day. An able man, in the full swing of his manifold work, is like a machine that by belts and wheels can do all kinds of by-jobs, besides what engages the chief share of its activity.

Nor is such a life necessarily so oppressive as is often thought. Our Maker has so ordered it, that one of our chief pleasures is derived from work successfully done. *Labor ipse voluptas*. There is always a gratification in "something accomplished, something done." Lope de Vega, writing his play in a single day, as he often did, had no doubt sufficient enjoyment in it to compensate him for all the confinement and toil. Rapid workers have not time to get disgusted with their work, as those are apt to do who brood over it. Disgust is usually the product of leisure and reflection, and comes at a second stage. If the work be somewhat varied, the pleasure in connection with its completion is varied too. Hence, perhaps, is the reason why the total and sudden giving up of work is often attended with evil results. The transition from a life full of activity and rich in the enjoyment of successful labor to a life of absolute idleness with no such vivid enjoyment, has often proved fatal. There is too little activity in the new life, and too little of the pleasure of activity. Idleness, without the excitement and pleasure of work, becomes depressing. The vital forces droop and decay. On the other hand, to the busy worker, rest and recreation have a double relish. No holiday is so refreshing as that in which he runs away from his labors, and enjoys himself in quite a different scene. Swiss mountains and Swiss air have then a double charm. The interval is too short to produce the *ennui* that attends permanent separation from active pursuits. Few

things live in the memory more vividly than the first month in Switzerland in the heart of a too busy life.

Too much to do, besides its direct effect on the busy worker exposes him to certain inconveniences apt to escape the notice of others. One of these is the effect produced on his memory. One who leads a rushing life, who has to hurry from one thing to another and from one person to another without a moment's interval, cannot have a vivid remembrance of many things that happen in his experience. He is necessarily liable to forget, in a way that another cannot understand. Many a busy physician has found himself at times in serious trouble from this cause. He has made a promise to a patient, but before the promise had hardened in his memory, some exciting case has hurried him away, obliterated the impression, and the promise has been forgotten. Authors' memories have been known from a similar cause to play them strange tricks. We know an author who was engaged in writing a book amid many other absorbing occupations. For some weeks the book had to be laid aside. When leisure came, he resumed it, as he thought, at the point where he had broken it off, and got through a considerable chapter, when, to his mingled amazement and amusement, he found in his drawer another manuscript, almost precisely similar, the existence of which he had quite forgotten. So strange and incredible are these tricks of memory that sometimes the most honest of men, if examined in a court of justice, would hardly be believed. The *non mi ricordo* would hardly be accepted by those who have had little experience of the difficulty of carrying in the memory impressions which have not had time to photograph themselves on its tablets, or have been blurred by other impressions following too quickly.

If a busy man is guilty of some neglect, leisurely people are apt to fancy an intentional slight where nothing of the kind was dreamt of. In the case of such a man, there is a twofold reason for applying the rule which Elizabeth Barrett, in one of her letters to Mr. Horne, thus gracefully acknowledged: "In one letter was something about neglect; you told me never to fancy a silence into a neglect. Was I likely to do it? Was there any room for even fancy to try? That would be still more surprising than the fact of your making room for a thought of me in the multitude of your occupations."

In the "Life of Charlotte Brontë," if we remember rightly, it is told how once, at the beginning of her literary life, she took it into her head that an eminent publisher was dissatisfied, because he did not at once acknowledge and answer a letter accompanying a manuscript. At Haworth it was not easy to understand the ways of Cornhill or Paternoster Row. We can fancy the grim smile on the face of the publisher, overwhelmed in all likelihood with letters, manuscripts, proofs, books, bills, and business of every sort, at the gentle impatience of the lady. Most publishers and editors too have doubtless had rather amusing experiences of the innocent impatience of correspondents. Letters to the editor often run as if the poor man had nothing whatever to do from morn to dewy eve but attend to their papers. He may be struggling, like a dray horse in an overloaded wagon, to overtake the piles of crabbed handwriting in prose and verse that burden his table, ranging from essays in Chinese metaphysics to lines on a snowdrop, and possibly, in regard to a given paper, thinking of inserting it in the course of the season, when down comes a thundering epistle demanding why it did not appear in the last number. Well, the impatience of correspondents is not always innocent. Some have a spiteful pleasure in stinging the editor for "rejecting" what the unhappy man never asked. If he had only time, he might explain things, and perhaps pacify them; but perhaps not. Editors, we suppose, must submit to be counted tyrants, and probably fools to boot, by a large proportion of the ill-fated volunteers to whose surpassing merits they are so often inveterately blind.

More amusing are the strange fancies that some persons have as to what overworked men may be asked to do for them. In the very thick of the American war, there came to President Lincoln an Illinois farmer, in a great state of excitement about a pair of horses that one of Lincoln's generals had requisitioned for the war. The owner was of course entitled to compensation, but somehow it had not come. Going to the president, he told him his story, and was rather chagrined to be told that it did not lie with him to pay the money. Then, says the farmer, will you undertake to write to the general, and see that the matter is settled properly? Poor Lincoln, who never wanted a story to help him in an emergency, was ready for his visitor. "When I was a rail-splitter," he said, "there lived near us

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a smart young fellow, the captain of a Mississippi boat, who could steer a vessel over the rapids with wonderful skill, as hardly any one else could. One day, when he was grasping the wheel with his utmost strength, at the most critical point of the rapids, a little boy came running up to him in great excitement and said, 'Cap'n, stop your ship, my apple has fallen overboard!' In the "Life of Sir James Simpson" there are some curious notices of the extraordinary things that patients in the country would sometimes ask him to do. Once a gentleman wrote to him asking him to send him a copy of the prescription which he had given him some years before, when the doctor could hardly recall the man, much less the prescription. Others would ask him to go to Duncan and Flockhart's and get them some particular medicine. A very busy clergyman of our acquaintance, when over head and ears with many things, once got a letter from a stranger in the United States, explaining that more than a century ago some one of the name of G— owned a property near Edinburgh which was believed to have been destined by will in a particular way, so that the relatives in America thought they had some claim to it. He was requested to inquire into the matter, find out about the will, communicate with the present owners of the property, and put everything in train for a just settlement of the claim. It would have been reasonable for the writer to inclose a bill for five hundred dollars, but that, unfortunately, he omitted to do.

Unreasonable though it be to plague overworked men in this way, it is very interesting to find such men volunteering, in the midst of a hundred other things, to do some useful service to the friendless or the poor. Nothing could have been kinder, for example, than the act of Sir Walter Scott, writing out sermons for a young aspirant to the Scottish ministry, whose state of nerves made him unable to grapple with the task, and satisfy his presbytery. Similar, though in a quite different sphere, was the kindness shown by Vinet, at Lausanne, to a peasant woman who invaded his solitude one Sunday morning. Overcome by toil and illness, Vinet had been obliged to forbid the visits of strangers, and his family were guarding him with all possible care. The woman was an intelligent, God-fearing peasant, who had never succeeded in getting rest for her spirit; but, having fallen in with one of Vinet's books, she was

persuaded that if she could only see him, he would be able to give her the needed guidance. With much difficulty, she got admission to his room. We can fancy the anxious relatives enjoining her to detain him as short a time as possible. But Vinet, when he heard her story, was profoundly interested, and spent the whole day with her, up to the hour of the last stage-coach. The account which the woman gave to her own pastor, on returning home, was interesting. "Well," said the pastor, "have you been able to see him?" "Yes," she replied, "and at last I have found one who has humbled me." "Humbled you! M. Vinet is not the man to humble any one." "Yes, humbled me, and humbled me profoundly. In contact with his humility and goodness, I felt all my pride give way." Then she told how thoroughly he comprehended her case, how patiently he spent the whole day with her, and all in such a homely way that she felt as if he was her brother. A few days after, Vinet sent her a book newly published, as if she had been one of his chosen friends.

The anxiety of busy men to make up for any little want of attention to persons whom they ought to have known, illustrates the same spirit of Christian chivalry. In the correspondence of Dr. Chalmers there is a characteristic letter to the daughter of the late Sir David Brewster, in the following terms: "19, York Place, 28th May, 1845. My dear Miss Brewster,—I can imagine nothing more monstrous than the stupidity into which I fear I must have fallen, if it was really you who sat near the moderator's chair this evening, and on whom I speculated in my own mind for hours as one I ought to have known. It is far the most mortifying instance, though many such have occurred, of my utter want of the organ of individuality; but I never could have fancied it possible that it ever could have happened in the case of one in whom (forgive me for saying it) I feel so much interest. It would comfort me effectually if you would have the goodness to let me know where and when it is that I may have the pleasure of waiting upon you. Ever believe me, my dear madam, yours most affectionately and truly, THOMAS CHALMERS."

Of all the instructive instances of busy lives we have, that of our Lord is far the most remarkable. It is only when we pay minute attention to the notices of his labors that we can understand what a crowded life he led. Galilee alone,

through the whole of which he made several circuits, embraced, according to Josephus, two hundred and four towns and villages; and besides Galilee, we read of his visiting the remote north, at Casarea Philippi, the remote north-west, in the coasts of Tyre and Sidon; we know of his passing through Samaria, of his being on the east of Jordan, and of his being often in and near Jerusalem. Throughout every part of this wide district, he not only preached, taught, and healed, but he had numberless collisions with opponents; he lived under a constant apprehension of attack; he carried on the training of the apostles, and in their slowness of heart, forgetfulness, want of faith, and personal strifes, he encountered a serious addition to his burdens, although it would be harsh to suppose that on the whole their company did not cheer and refresh him. The strain on the bodily energies in a life involving so much physical movement and labor must have been very great; the strain on the nervous system where there was so much excitement, and where such vital interests were at stake, must have been even greater. And yet he appears to have gone through all his labor with marvellous calmness and self-possession. From the narrative of his life, nothing is more remote than the air of bustle or hurry; it has indeed quite a wonderful aspect as of Oriental calm and leisure. Owing to his systematic way of working, he was always beforehand, always ready. His discourses have a marvellously finished air, as if they had been all matured before they were spoken. His very answers to casual objectors were marvellously clean-cut and finished. He never found himself in a situation in which he was disconcerted, or at a loss how to act. And in his mind, one thing was never allowed to jostle another, however full it might be of projects, or however burdened with responsibility. The last scenes of his life exemplify this orderliness and business-like composure of mind in a wonderful way. And what we have already adverted to as so chivalrous in busy men, when turning aside to care for others —

The mind at leisure from itself,
To soothe and sympathize,

was singularly beautiful in him. The farewell discourse, the intercessory prayer, the healing of Malchus, the look turned on Peter, the word to the daughters of Jerusalem, the prayer for his murderers,

the promise to the thief, the commending of his mother to the beloved disciple — what wonderful consideration for others did all these imply, in the midst of his own great agony? How well he knew how to conquer the snares of overwork, and turn everything to the highest ends of life! How wonderfully the divine shines through the human, without over-laying, it in that unexampled career!

We have glanced at some of the phenomena of that busy mode of life which seems to be more common in this age than in most that have gone before. It has its drawbacks and its dangers, but is not without compensations, and even blessings.

W. G. BLAIKIE.

From The Day of Rest.

ANNIE KEARY.

THE appearance, in a complete form, of Miss Keary's last beautiful work, "*A Doubting Heart*," will bring this gifted authoress specially before the minds of the reading public at the present moment, and renew the deep regret felt by all lovers of pure and powerful fiction at her premature death a few months ago. It is, however, more as a woman than as an authoress that we would desire to make her known to the readers of these pages. The last wish she expressed, regarding her writings, during her long and painful illness was that she might be spared to write something in the *Day of Rest*, which should be a comfort to sick people; and we like to think that, while the working years of her life were full of valuable lessons to the strong and healthy, the account of the last twelve months, when she was withdrawn from her sphere of active usefulness, cannot fail to be strengthening and comforting to those fellow-sufferers whom she so specially wished to help.

As I write these lines there come before me two pictures of Annie Keary, so vivid and so beautiful, that I would fain, if it were possible, reproduce them in the minds of those who had not the privilege of knowing and loving her personally. The first represents her as I knew her in her quiet London home, where she was the centre of a happy family circle, revered by all around her as much for her sweet and gentle nature as for her great intellectual power. I can see her now presiding over little "pen and pencil" meetings in her own house, always appre-

ciative of the literary efforts of others, warmly encouraging to beginners, and as modest and unassuming about her own productions as if she had been a beginner herself. Or I recall her in a home for young servant-girls out of employment, of which she occasionally took charge,—giving her time with the utmost patience to the smallest details concerning the domestic duties of rough, untrained girls, or the complaints of exacting mistresses; but however she appears before me in these the bright working years of her life, it is always with the same gentle manners and movements; never too hurried or too important to attend to other people's affairs, however tedious or trivial, or to give a helping hand where it was wanted.

Possibly Miss Keary's career might have been a more brilliant one had she kept nothing but her own personal advancement in view, but even the warmest admirers of her powers will hardly regret this now. Perhaps it was this very consciousness that she had used her talents and experience so much to promote the advancement of others during her working years, which enabled her to face the fact that her own literary career was to be prematurely closed at its most successful point, without a murmur.

And this brings me to the other picture of her, which rises in my mind as distinctly as the first, but which is painted in purer, tenderer colors. The brightness has faded, but there is a holy calm and sweetness about it which more than compensates for the loss. This is as I last saw Miss Keary during her long, painful illness, when she sat on the shore at Eastbourne day after day, reaching it with increasingly feeble steps, till, as she grew weaker, even the sea-breeze, which had revived her at first, exhausted her failing powers. I see her with the same calm expression and interested smile on her face, finding constant pleasure in the changing colors of the sea, in the close inspection of a flower or a shell, never losing her graciousness of manner however she might be suffering, always grateful for the most trifling services of those around her.

The course of Annie Keary's life was simple and uneventful as to outward circumstances. She was born in the year 1825, at Bilton, a small village in Yorkshire. Her father was a man of no common energy and power of mind. He served his country as an officer in the Dragoons through the latter part of the Peninsular War, and on his return to En-

gland, soon after his marriage with Miss Plumer, of Bilton Hall, he determined to take holy orders. He studied theology with more than ordinary zeal, and wrote a small but useful work entitled "A commonplace Book to the Fathers," and several remarkable religious pamphlets. From Bilton he removed to Hull, where he was for many years incumbent of the parish of Sculcoates, and where his name is still honored, not only as an eloquent preacher, but as a man of blameless life and truly Christian spirit. Annie's earliest recollections were of town life. She loved to make up little histories out of the town sights to be seen from the nursery window. One of these, and of her brother's young fancies, was worked up later into the story of "Johnnie and Nayum," a beautiful little tale which appeared in her first novel, "Through the Shadows," and was republished in "Little Wanderlin." This story was shown by a friend of hers, when in MS., to Mr. Thackeray, who said it had touched him almost to tears.

"Father Phim," which was published in the *Monthly Packet*, and which Miss Yonge mentions in her little "In Memoriam" of the writer, as in her opinion one of the best tales that ever appeared there, was another reminiscence of childhood, partly of her own and her brothers' fancies, partly of the stories of Irish life with which her father (himself an Irishman) used to delight her; the character of the old priest whose name gives the title to the story being drawn with the utmost tenderness and delicacy and fidelity to nature, though with, as it were, only a few strokes of the pen. Miss Keary had special interest in all that concerned Ireland, and a sort of instinctive sympathy with, and understanding of, the feelings of the people. This is fully shown in her beautiful and highly finished tale of the famine time, "Castle Daly," in which she was also aided by her recollections of her father's vivid descriptions. She was a great reader as a child, and always. When very little, she would stuff her pockets with huge books; and as children's books were not so numerous then as they are now, when stories were exhausted she took refuge in histories, such as Rollin, Plutarch, etc. She had always a love of fiction if good of its kind, and in later years would sometimes reproach herself with having spent too much time in reading works of this kind. She did not, of course, think it wrong to read them, but she fancied she had been too

self-indulgent in the matter, and that she should have been a more earnest student, instead of a reader of whatever came to hand. If such were really the case, however, it must have been for a very short period in early youth. Her knowledge of history and mythology, and accurate information on a variety of subjects, could only have been acquired by the most persevering study of solid and standard works, aided, of course, greatly by her natural grasp of mind and retentive memory. In these days, when so many women long for a higher and more advanced sort of education than is within their reach, it may be a comfort to some to know that Miss Keary had no special advantages of this kind. She was for two years at school at Campden House, where she worked with the utmost diligence and perseverance; but beyond this she was in great measure self-educated. One unexpected opportunity of enlarging her mind was afforded her, of which she made the very most. She was always delicate in health, and in early youth appeared likely to be consumptive. A friend, who was also delicate, and had to pass the winter in Egypt, offered to take Annie with her, just when such a help was most needed. The months spent in that journey were among the happiest of her happy life, and were fruitful in many ways. Her health was completely restored, and her interest was so aroused by the wonders with which she made acquaintance, that she took up the study of the history and religion of Egypt with her usual intelligence and industry, and this was a great source of pleasure to her all her life. She wrote a very interesting and useful book of early Egyptian history, for children, containing allusions to her travels, and full of her own impressions; and a later work, which she contributed to Mr. Macmillan's Sunday Library series, was the result of her study of the ancient religion and history of the country. This last book, "The Nations around the Promised Land," has been highly recommended by good critics. It is the only popular sketch existing of the various peoples whose histories were linked with the fortunes of the "children of Israel," and is specially valuable to archaeologists.

As a writer of fiction, Annie Keary was pre-eminently conscientious. She was so in a twofold sense. She maintained throughout a high moral tone, and would rather have failed than have courted success by catering to a vicious or morbid sensationalism; but beyond this she was

conscientious in the finish of her work. She thought out her plot thoroughly, and developed her characters studiously and systematically, and never condescended to write careless or slipshod English. She never wrote a line solely for praise or profit, or to keep her name before the public. "I think," she said once to a sister authoress, "that work of every kind, but more especially ours, ought to be a sort of worship. Let us make a service of our pen." And she told the same friend, that sometimes, when in any difficulty in her stories, she would lay down her pen and pray, and then little by little the difficulty cleared away, and the ideas and the words seemed to come just as she wanted them.

Annie Keary's life was, however, by no means wholly or even chiefly devoted to literary pursuits. The family was the sphere in which she specially delighted. Her interest in her fellow-creatures was always stronger than any other. A great deal of her youth was spent in nursing, for her father died of a tedious and suffering illness, during which she tended him devotedly; and the greater part of her novel "Oldbury," as well as of "The Nations Around," was written by her mother's sick-bed. The portion of her life to which she always looked back with the greatest pleasure and gratitude to God for having given it to her, was the years during which she had the charge of a brother's motherless children, beginning when she was twenty-three years old. Her connection with them was, from its beginning to the close of her life, one of her greatest earthly joys. But it was not only children and young people of her own family to whom her affections and sympathies flowed out. All the young interested her. As a child she loved to watch children, as a girl she sympathized with other girls. As a woman her motherly instincts were the strongest in her nature. Children always found her out as their friend. She loved to gather young girls about her, and help them with their studies. In all her writings she had their moral elevation at heart.

One of Miss Keary's chief characteristics was her habit of always seeing the best in people, and more than that, of drawing forth whatever was best in them. Under her influence people seemed to become what she expected them to be. She eminently believed in goodness, and almost created it by her faith. She was equally appreciative of the gifts and acquirements of others. She never turned

her back on young authors who came to her for assistance or advice. She always saw the best part of their work more readily than the shortcomings, seizing at once the points where they might become strong, and helping them to become so by her encouragement and counsel.

Annie Keary's religious growth advanced with her intellect in the most striking manner. In early youth she did not find much comfort in religious thought. Some of the harsh views of God's dealings with his creatures presented to her when at school troubled her greatly. Her first escape from this was found in the writings of Maurice and Kingsley, whose teachings impressed and helped her greatly; and she was particularly comforted by a short private correspondence with Mr. Kingsley, when he most kindly opened to her, a young, unknown applicant to him for help and counsel, his own unclouded faith in the All-Fatherhood of him in whom she longed perfectly to trust. To her tender nature, so full of sympathy with all the sinning and suffering amongst her fellow-creatures, it would have been impossible to rejoice in any special love given to her own soul. Only in an embracing love, seeking all, and saving all who would be saved, could she find peace. At one period of her life the doubts of some of the scientific minds of the day troubled her spirit, but not deeply, or for long. In some of her difficulties here, also, she found help from the teachings of Mr. Maurice. There were others who helped her, but I think that she herself felt that, through prayer and patient waiting chiefly, she was able to find the light. She was certainly entirely delivered from any serious doubts before the last ten years of her life, though her tender heart suffered always keenly in the sufferings of this world. The mystery of sin and pain weighed heavily on her heart, though they cannot be said latterly to have clouded her vision of the love of God. Two important steps in her spiritual growth were her connection with an Anglican sisterhood, and thus coming for a time amongst High Church teaching; and her attendance at a religious conference at Broadlands, where all parties were represented, but where the prevailing influence was Evangelical. From both these sources she gained much, and always acknowledged the great help that both had been to her. From the former, she felt that she received strength and increased conscientiousness in the discharge of duty, and in battling against evil within. By

means of the latter, she fully entered into spiritual rest and peace.

During the last ten years of her earthly life, her spiritual life was wonderfully quickened. There was a gradual raising of her aspirations upwards, an expansion of her sympathies also, a warmer glow of love to all, a more constant desire to help, a tenderer, if possible more unselfish, affection to all nearest to her, a perfecting, as it were, of the whole nature. She set herself more earnestly than ever, during these years, to seek to know Christ for herself personally. She found him, and in him she had perfect peace. He was the friend of her soul, and did not fail her when her hour of trial came. She loved life, she enjoyed her work, and was perfectly happy in her family and social surroundings. She would gladly have remained here till quite old, if God had willed it; so that when she heard suddenly that she had a disease which was rarely cured, and that she stood in danger of being soon called away, the blow was very severe. During one night, the night after she had heard the opinion of the physician, as she afterwards told a friend, she faced the full bitterness of death; but she was able to resign even her love of life into his hands, and all her prayer was that she might not give much trouble during her illness, and might be kept patient,—a prayer that was most perfectly answered, for during a year of suffering and anxiety no murmur ever escaped her lips.

She submitted to a painful operation, and it seemed at first as if scientific skill and tender nursing were to be allowed to prevail, and that she would be given back to the many and heartfelt prayers sent up in her behalf. Prayers were offered for her recovery, not only by her private friends, and in her own Church, but by Roman Catholics and Nonconformists, both here and in Ireland, France, and America; but her work was finished here, and God called her to himself, perhaps for special service in his own household, perhaps to rest in his everlasting arms.

During the year of Miss Keary's illness, which was chiefly passed at Eastbourne, there were hopes and fears, at first the former, at last the latter, predominating; but her calmness and patience never altered. Her will had been completely resigned in the matter. But though thus content to give up life if God should see fit, there lingered for many months that shrinking from the thought of death itself, that fear of the

dark, lonely passing so common amongst us, and perhaps specially strong with imaginative natures like hers. She prayed earnestly that this might be taken away, and asked the prayers of a friend to whom she confided the feeling. This prayer was fully answered, and towards the end she was able to assure those who watched with her that there was no fear left. "I am going home," she said upon the last of her earthly days, "and I am very happy."

She used often to say during the last months of her illness, that if it should please God to restore her to comparative strength, she should much like to write some papers about the hours of sickness and pain, to help others in their dark times. She wished to tell them of the comfort that Christ had been to her. It was her intention to offer such writing to the *Day of Rest*, because just before she was taken ill she had entered into an engagement to write for it some papers on a historical subject.

Her last work, "A Doubting Heart," was begun when she was in health, during a happy sojourn in the south of France, where she made many friends among the peasants; and this gives a delicious freshness and reality to the scenes in the story laid at "La Roquette." After the anxieties and intrigues of the fashionable world, and the sordid cares of working life in London, so vividly described, the reader feels a positive refreshment in being transported to the flower-fields and rose-hedges, the vineyards and olive-gardens, and the joyous simplicity of peasant life in the sunny south. Emmie West's first walk through the valley will be enjoyed by many besides herself, and so will the day of Madame de Florimel's *fête*, when Wynyard Anstice gave her the quince-blossoms which afterwards "died on the road." The book was nearly finished when Miss Keary's disease declared itself, but there was still some left undone, and almost her first thought was of this unfinished work. She had always been so beforehand with any writing she had undertaken, never leaving anything to chance, that at first the idea that she might never be able to finish her book distressed her a good deal. She at once decided upon the friend she would like to take it up and finish it for her. This was Mrs. Macquoid, to whom she wrote on the subject, and who set her mind at ease immediately by promising to do so. She recovered, however, sufficiently to write almost

all of it, but there was still a short connecting piece left unwritten when she died, and this was supplied by the friend to whom she had committed it. She always wrote her books out twice, and during her illness a great part of the "Doubting Heart" was dictated by her to copyists for this second writing. The last chapter was thus dictated about a fortnight before the end. She was then very weak, and speaking had become a painful effort to her, and the friend who was writing suggested one day that she should rest, and do no more that evening. But she answered, "No, let us finish, let us work while it is day—the night cometh when no man can work." She was always very industrious, and had a particular horror of wishing time away: it seemed like a forewarning that her sojourn here was not to be very long. Nothing pained her more than for people to find time hang heavy on their hands. She constantly regretted during her latter years that she had allowed herself in childhood and youth to spend so much time in idle dreaming. Dreaming of some sort, she knew, was a necessary part of her calling as a writer of tales, but she often felt that she might have done more with her talents if she had brought her dreams more quickly to the legitimate end of presentation in form, as works of art, and had not merely rested amongst them for personal pleasure.

Her patience and cheerfulness were un-failing through her whole illness; she was never impatient or fretful once, and her countenance was always bright and unclouded. She never lost her warm interest in the concerns of others. Not long before her death she sketched out the scheme of a story to a friend who was also an authoress, to whom she thought it might be useful. The friend hesitated to accept it, hoping that the originator of the idea might be able to use it herself; but Miss Keary drew her towards her and whispered very low, because there was another present to whom the words would have given the keenest possible pang, "I shall never write anything again." Her intellect remained clear and vigorous to the last. She took constant pleasure in reading, not only the Bible and books of devotion, but stories and interesting works of various kinds; and in botanizing the wild flowers which were brought to her. She found special help and comfort in the Holy Communion, and was able to receive it a few days before she died, in company with some of

those most dear to her. During some of her wakeful nights she used to be troubled and sorrowful over the sufferings of her fellow-creatures. The famine in China was one event which caused her deep pain. Quite at the last, however, she said to a friend, "I see so many things so much more clearly now." We may, perhaps, therefore hope that even into those deepest mysteries of sin and pain God helped her to trace his steps.

As her end approached, her spiritual nature seemed to assert itself more and more over her physical condition, instead of the reverse, as is so often and so naturally the case with the dying.

Only in one point the affections of this world, the clinging to human love, predominated, and here the feelings of another were equally concerned. To the friend and companion of her life, the sister who had shared with her every thought and interest, every joy and every sorrow in her mortal career, and who was to her a second self, she never spoke of her approaching death. They could not face the parting together.

The day before her departure, — a Sunday, — though very weak and suffering, she insisted on being dressed and brought into the sitting-room at about two o'clock. She took pleasure in examining some shells which had been brought to her from the shore. She even suggested the outline of a little story which had occurred to her. She lay on her couch, as usual, all day, until about nine o'clock, when she spoke of going to bed. The arrangements for the night in the sick-room were not quite complete, and, with her usual consideration, she begged that no one might be hurried, and was left for about half an hour with a servant. It was then that she spoke of "going home soon."

After she had been put to bed, as she was turning round to sleep, she said to her cousin, who was lying down in the same room, "I should like to say a baby hymn to you." She then repeated either the whole or part of this verse; her cousin could not quite catch the conclusion, —

I lay my body down to sleep,
I give my soul to Christ to keep,
And wake I now or wake I never,
I give my soul to Christ forever;

and added, looking at her cousin, "Your soul too, Emily — yours and mine."

They were almost her last conscious words. They were spoken about midnight, and at four o'clock her consciousness failed.

She was in a state of torpor for the last four hours, and passed away without a struggle at eight o'clock on the morning of her fifty-fourth birthday. At the foot of her grave, in the cemetery at Eastbourne, are engraved the first two lines of the child's hymn, and on the headstone the words, "We asked life of thee, and thou gavest a long life, even forever and ever."

From Macmillan's Magazine.

"DUSTYARDS."

BY THE HON. MISS PALMER.

"*Omnia co-operantur in bonum*," said my friend in answer to a deep groan drawn from me by the suggested possibility of a railroad over Hind Head: "Yes, even as to railways, *omnia co-operantur in bonum* is true. Depend upon it, the good which the world has realized through their introduction far outweighs certain attendant losses, and even evils. Do you know that now botanists should search for some of the rarest floral treasures on railway banks? that, while it is true that railways have brought thousands of depredators to every part of the kingdom, almost to the extinction of the choicest ferns and flowers, it is also true that the steep railway banks have opened their arms as a refuge to the seed dropped by birds or blown by the wind? — and this may serve as a simple illustration of the way in which life springs even from death."

My friend was right: if railways have broken up many old and beautiful traditions, and even shaken the force of individual and local attachments, they are also bringing men of all degrees, and throughout the length and breadth of the land, to realize that the world is one home and mankind one family; that the interest of one is the interest of all. For have they not brought men together face to face from all parts, and thereby served to lessen that ignorance of the circumstances and conditions of the lives of others which is at the root of so much apparent selfishness and indifference? But my object to-day is to tell you of the work done by a special line of railway, and, if I can, to draw you into sympathy with lives very different from your own.

Have you ever travelled by the South-Western Railway from Waterloo Station?

and, if you have, did you notice close below you on your left, after leaving Vauxhall, two large dustyards lying on the south side of the Thames? Very dreary they are, and the workers within fill one with pity for them in their filthy drudgery, seeming trodden down and hardly human. It is something like passing over a grave when one whirls by those dustyards. One feels as if all light, purity, and brightness were shut off from them, and from those who toil there. Some such thoughts had often filled the heart of a traveller by that line with a pity that was not content to merely pity, but which could not rest until it had, through many difficulties and drawbacks, brought at least the dawn of light to those dark lives, and, as it were, brought them into relationship with worlds brighter and more blessed than their own.

Before I speak of the work which has been attempted, I must give you the bearings of the workshop.

The dust-carts from the parishes of St. James and St. Martin, Charing Cross, bring their loads to one yard; and from St. John and St. Margaret, Knightsbridge, to the other. There the refuse is thrown up by men to the women above, kneeling on the cinder mounds; who, with leathern pads above their leathern aprons (against which they strike their sieves), divide the sifted refuse between three baskets—in one they place the broken glass and crockery, and rough bits of all kinds of material, which goes by the name of "hard cove," and which is emptied by boys upon a large heap at one end of the yard, eventually to be carried away in barges for road and foundation making; into the second basket the vegetable matter is thrown for manure; and into the third, the large cinders, which are the sifters' perquisite, who generally sell them in the neighborhood. The fine sifted dust from the cinders is called "breeze," and is very valuable for greenhouses and gardens, and also for making bricks. In each yard a forewoman is placed by the contractors to see that the women sift steadily from seven until five, resting for their dinner-hour from twelve to one. They work all weathers, but during the winter, or in rain, under sheds provided for them. Their pay is a shilling a day. They form a confraternity among themselves, and are very rough in their ways. One day a lady saw a man, who had been carrying away some rubbish in the yard, rush at a woman (for some provocation), seize her by the throat, and almost stran-

gle her. I mention this as a very characteristic incident of dustyard life.

In December, 1878, a scheme was set on foot for the purpose of reaching these cinder-sifters by means of a mission woman from the Parochial Mission Woman's Association, working under a lady superintendent; and admirably has it been carried out. By visiting them in their homes, and talking with them at their work, Mrs. Patent, the mission woman, has gradually won her way through some serious opposition, besides a great deal of rough chaff in the yards. And she has even persuaded several of the women to deposit money with her for clothing. At first only three or four responded to her invitations to the Monday tea-gatherings in the mission-room, and they were violently attacked by their fellows for doing so; cups and saucers flew about, and the disturbance, with the kind assistance of some street-boys, became so serious that the lady superintendent was obliged, very unwillingly, to accept the attendance of a policeman, until gradually the riots ceased, and he was no longer needed for his Monday duty.

One of the women, who had most persistently rebuffed all Mrs. Patent's invitations, was so conquered by her nursing in a long illness, that she now comes every Monday to the meeting from the Wandsworth dustyards, to which she has moved. The meeting begins at four with reading aloud a story-book; after which they have tea, and this is laid out very carefully and neatly, to teach them the beauty of order. Tea over, a short address is given, lasting about ten minutes, a few hymns are sung, and the meeting is closed; but the room is open until eight or nine in the evening, and any who care to go there are welcomed by the lady superintendent, as well as by the mission woman. Many of the guests belong to the most degraded class of women; sometimes they reel in quite drunk, and seek a refuge with Mrs. Patent, whose unfailing kindness and patience has not been unrewarded. Slowly but surely they are beginning to appreciate its value, and also that of the mission-room, as a place where they may warm their food and find a shelter. There is a wise old saying that a man must winter and summer his friend if he would know him; and so, having introduced you to the ladies of the Vauxhall dustyard at their work, shall I tell you about our day in the country with them this July?

A lady manager of the Parochial Mission Woman's Association planned it,

hoping to win some of the wildest who had hitherto kept aloof from the mothers' meetings. Twenty-five dustyarders came, and twenty-four other members of the meeting, all out-door workers, but a grade higher than my special friends, who indignantly repudiate the title of cindersifters, but speak of themselves and of one another as "a lady from the dustyard." They were certainly the lowest and most depraved women I had ever been with; there was something in their voices, laughter, manners, and words very loud and coarse; and their costumes were most original. Only two or three wore whole gowns; the greater number appeared in skirts of varying degrees of dirt and gaudiness, and bodies which, being pinned together, supplied each other's deficiencies. Thus the undermost body (generally a cotton that had once been white) might fasten comfortably at the waist, but refuse to do so farther up; there body No. 2, perhaps a dingy red, stepped in, and it again failing at the neck, the top body, No. 3, something of the woollen description, settled the difficulty. But the *pièce de résistance* in each costume was the bonnet. Some were worn perpendicularly by the help of huge combs in the back hair! and others descended like landslips on to the neck, showing off the fringe and head top arrangements to admirable advantage. Since, I have learned that they were hired for the day; and indeed they and their wearers did not seem quite at home with each other, and the instant we arrived at our destination they slipped off their bonnets, and only put them on again to go away.

We had all met at Cannon Street, and the women were as wild and excited as children; many had never left London, and two or three had never left their dustyard and court.

Those who were travellers assumed an air of great importance, and were deferred to quite deferentially by the others; but only a few had been so fortunate, and they owed their experience to hopping. On our arrival at Addiscombe, "flys" were secured for the women with babies, and for two who were lame, as we had a mile to walk. This division at first caused some difficulty; everybody wished to "ride," and a baby did not seem to be considered a fair qualification! At last we started; the two "flys" well laden (five women and babies inside, and two or three on the box!) and the walkers following. The procession moved on, but one

lady remained rooted to the earth, with a face black as thunder, growling and muttering in a most unpromising way.

"What is the matter?" asked our mistress of the ceremonies.

"Oh, never you mind, it's only one of Mrs. O'Mally's tantrums," was the consoling answer.

"Yes," said another lady, "just like her! I knew she'd misbehave herself."

What was to be done? the dustyard ladies evidently considered it a *cause perdu* and calmly walked on, leaving Mrs. O'Mally standing like a naughty child in a corner with her finger literally, not figuratively, in her mouth! I could not leave her, and turning back I went up to her, and said, —

"Will you not come on? we shall be left quite behind."

Grunt.

"I am afraid we shall lose our way, for I am a stranger in these parts; were you ever here before?"

Grunt (No. 2). "No!"

"Then don't you think we had better go on? Is anything the matter?"

Grunt (No. 3). "Thought I was asked to a party of pleasure; didn't know I was coming to a funeral!"

"I am sorry, but I do not quite understand you," I answered, feeling rather bewildered.

"There go the carriages, and we're to follow, two and two!"

Oh! thought I, the walking is the grievance then.

"Well, you see," I answered, "there are only two 'flys' to be had, and you and I have no babies."

"B'ain't married, be you?"

"No, I am not," I answered laughing.

"Thought not — too young!"

"Not at all too young, but still I am not; and now won't you come on with me?"

"No! don't see why them with babies should ride. I'd have brought one, if I'd known."

"Well, I think you and I shall have the best of it when we get to Lady Mackenzie. I don't think carrying about a baby all day is worth the drive there. Have you any friends here, for I am a stranger, and the only lady I know has gone on in front; so will you keep company with me? I feel quite lonesome, and I have never been here before."

Grunt (a gracious grunt this time).

"Don't mind if I do."

And at last off we started; all the ladies, excepting two and Mrs. Patent,

being far ahead. We talked about the weather and the crops and the trees, and at last Mrs. O'Mally turned upon me with a most benignant grin, and said, —

"Well! I was in one of my tantrums, and you've coaxed me out. I *never* knows how I gets into them or how I gets out of them; and that's the worst, to get out of them."

"Yes," I answered, "it is very hard, I am sure."

"Well, now, and what do you do, my dear, in your tantrums?"

It was with difficulty that I controlled my mouth, for she evidently thought that my sympathy was the fruit of exactly similar experience; however I answered her as gravely as possible.

"It is no good trying to get out by oneself, I think. I always ask God to give me his Holy Spirit to help me, and he does."

"Well, now, do you, my dear? I'll try," with another and broader grin.

We were nearing Lady Mackenzie's house, and the first and only drops of rain that day began to fall, and I, trembling for the glory of my friend's bonnet, offered her my umbrella, saying, "I am afraid the rain will spoil your bonnet."

She looked concerned, but refused it, because she thought that mine would suffer.

"Thank you, but mine does not matter, it is not new."

"Shouldn't think so!" and she took my umbrella and kept it with entire peace of mind. But oh! if I could only convey to you some idea of the tone of utter, lofty, appraising contempt; and the look was even more searching and condemning than the tone. Indeed it was natural; for there could be no comparison between a bonnet of voyant blue satin, wreathed in roses, bespangled with pearls, overshadowed by an ostrich feather, and finally given "quite a look" by a bunch of tiny brass keys over one eye, and a mother o' pearl shell over the other, and my poor black straw with actually no feathers and not even a flower! But I blessed those drops of rain, for they proved true to their proverbial virtue, and Mrs. O'Mally's love under my green umbrella developed rapidly, and soon we were walking arm in arm; which privilege I thoroughly appreciated, when Mrs. O'Mally stretched out the hand which was through my arm, saying, "Black, ain't it?" I could not deny it, her hand was very black.

"I never cleans it, *never*; wouldn't be any use if I tried ever so, so I never

does." Truly, a comfortable dispensation from all ablutionary duties!

And now two other ladies had joined us, and one having said something about "a real lady" (I did not overhear more than these words, but my friend, like all the party, was very quick in overhearing everything that was said), Mrs. O'Mally broke in with, "And so you *have* a real lady with you, I'll be bound! What's your name, my dear?"

I answered, feeling instinctively that the *Miss* would fall very flat! They had all been talking about *Lady* Mackenzie, and looked upon us as another order of beings to themselves.

"Well," said Mrs. O'Mally, in a tone of kindly consideration, but many degrees lower than before, "and a kind of a lady, I dare say, for all that."

"Yes," quickly added another woman, "it ain't only titles and riches as makes the lady, it's manners too. I'll be bound you're a kind of lady."

"Thank you, I hope I am; and is not it nice that you and I can be ladies, even if we have not titles, if we are gentle and kind to others, and keep ourselves respectable?"

"That's it, that's it, depend upon it, my dear," they all murmured in chorus; and so with our courtesy rank we entered the gates, as smiling and contented as a king is supposed to be! but imagine my feelings when my group of ladies informed me that they were "very dry," and wanted to "liquor up!" "and," quoth Mrs. O'Mally, "has her ladyship any public near?"

I told them I was very sorry that there was none, and that we must wait a little while until dinner was ready. I did not tell them that dinner would only bring lemonade!

We sauntered about, admired "her ladyship's extensive domains and spacious mansion," and gazed at the distant view of the Crystal Palace. Some swung, and others were glad just to sit about doing nothing but enjoy. At last we were called to dinner. Such a dinner! Beef, mutton, ham, young potatoes and green peas, salad, cucumber, and the newest of new bread, followed by gigantic plum puddings. In such company even lemonade passed muster, and the appetites of the guests were worthy of the hospitality shown. After dinner we all dispersed to meet for tea at six o'clock, at the call of the big bell. It touched one to see their joy in the wild flowers, and their pride in their respective bouquets; and as I saw

the weary hardness in the elder faces soften away in the new happiness and beauty around, I thought it might be a faint indication of the change that will be in the world to come. And the younger women were certainly gentler and more womanly at the close, than at the beginning of the day. I cannot tell you half of the many little sayings and doings which struck me greatly in their utter *newness*, and which made me sometimes very, very sad, and sometimes intensely amused. Their quickness of observation, ready wit, power of repartee and utter freedom of speech was wonderful; but then many were Irish women, with such a brogue! My countrywomen's English was very broad also, and the whole party had many idioms and words which were unintelligible to me. They all had nicknames, and I was introduced to "the Countess of Whitcomb Hall," "My Lady Crawley," "Johnnie," and so on, with all gravity and pomp. To my delight they volunteered an explanation of "the countess."

"You see, my dear, she was always a reading yellar novalls, and one she was partiklar took up with was 'The Countess of Whitcomb Hall,' and so we just called her the countess. You've read it, I'll be bound?" and my answer in the negative was received with a shower of recommendations to read it, "as soon as ever you gets the chance." They talked to me about their work, which is very degrading; but liberty is sweet, and the dusty-ard is to them so natural that there is no sense of degradation, only a kind of defiant holding aloof from other castes, under an idea that they are looked down upon. Of *moral* degradation they appear entirely unconscious. Browning's answer to Lear's problem —

"Is there a reason in nature for these hard hearts?" "O Lear, That a reason out of nature must turn them soft, seems clear" —

was illustrated by a talk I had with these dustyard women.

We were standing about in groups outside the tent after tea, and they were expressing themselves in very warm and energetic words as to their enjoyment of the day, and gratitude for the kindness which had given it to them.

One asked, "Whoever gave it us? she? or she?" pointing to the lady superintendent and another lady.

I explained that the lady manager was the friend who had brought them down,

and who had won for them the kindness of their hostess.

"But whoever would have thought it, my dear? Niver heard of such a thing in my born days as them great ladies a thinking of us! I goes to the teamating sometimes, and sich a thing was niver before; in *all* my born days, niver know'd nobody come nigh the dustyards — did you? or you? or you?" turning round and addressing one *lady* after another.

They all answered emphatically "Niver," and one added with great candor, "and I warn't *overplaised* whin they fust comed, naither; didn't want 'em! Thought as there war somethink at the bottom, my dear! that I did; for I never saw a lady in our yards, nor a soul to speak to, in all my born days — there!"

"Shall I tell you what brought these friends? It was all through another friend whom you do not know, and have not even seen to speak to."

"Well, I niver!" was the general exclamation, as they gathered closer round to hear.

I told them how a lady had often passed the yard in the train going into the country, and that she had thought they looked very hardworked, and had wondered if they had any friends who cared for them; and she had thought of this again and again, until she had come to love them herself; but she could not go to them, so, though far away from Vauxhall, she had not rested until she had, with the help of others, sent Mrs. Patent to befriend them, and in one way or another gained all their other friends too.

"And what's her name, my dear? And is she in health?"

"No, she is not very strong."

"Poor dear! poor dear! But whatever made her care for the likes of us? I niver did nothink for her; what made her so took up with us?"

It was the general opinion that there was an extraordinary fact — that a lady should care, "worrit 'erself," and "all for folks as 'ad done nothink for 'er."

"I think I know," I answered. "She loves some one — the Lord Jesus, who loved her so much that he even died for her, when she had done nothing for him;" and I went on to tell of the strange power of this love to satisfy and gladden the hearts of men and women, and to fill them in their turn with abundant love for their fellow-men. This it was which had led a stranger to care for the workers in the dustyards, and to try to lighten their

lives; to share with them this wonderful love.

I could hardly go on; one hard face after another softened and puckered up, while the tears welled up in their eyes.

"Praise the Almighty for such a dear critter! and give 'er my love, my dear; and praise the Almighty restore 'er to 'ealth!" said Mrs. O'Mally; and each and all begged me to give their love and thanks.

By this time a magnificent break, warranted to carry twelve persons inside and three on the box in the language of cab-notices, had arrived, and our lady manager, who had secured it almost as magically as the famous coach and four of pumpkin renown, sent us off in two detachments, so as to give all the joy of a ride. Mrs. Patent started first with her party, and the rest of us, "walking gently," were in due time picked up by the emptied break—that is, with the exception of the three "real" ladies, myself, and a very nice woman who gave up her ride most graciously when she found that with all possible squashing and squeezing some one must still be left out. She told me that it was a mercy no beer had been given, or some would certainly have been overcome by their terrible enemy, and the day would have been spoiled by quarrels and fighting. We were speaking of this as we neared the station, and found some of the second wagonette party missing! We were informed by the others that they had just gone into the public at the corner!

Our brave lady manager immediately walked into the public-house and brought the women out, leaving their potions on the bar, to the intense astonishment of some men who were also refreshing themselves. Poor women! they were at first *furios* at being "traited and controuled like children;" said they would never speak to the ladies again, nor go near the meeting. Gradually the lady superintendent and Mrs. Patent, with exquisite tact, restored them to calmness, and brought them to say that if the lady had expressed any wish, they'd not have offended her, not they; but why they shouldn't take a drop when they was dry, *they* couldn't for the life of them understand.

It had never occurred to any one that such a prohibition was necessary; but the right thing, no doubt, would have been to have simply said,—

"Will you please all keep together at the station, and then we shall not lose one

another?" for clearly they could see no more harm in going into the public-house than we should in drinking a cup of tea when calling at a friend's house; and although they had probably had a better dinner and tea than ever in their lives before, yet not having had any beer, they felt quite justified in putting a finishing touch to the joys of the day by going for a glass, instead of wasting the time waiting for us, before the train was due. We were all happy again by the time the train came up, and amid reiterated invitations to visit them at their work, we said goodbye—for they, Mrs. Patent, and their lady superintendent were to change at Waterloo for Vauxhall, and we whirled away to Charing Cross.

This little sketch is but the experience of a short time, and that short time has taught us that dark and unpromising as the work-field seemed, there was much beneath the surface that was good and hopeful, and needing only a little sympathy and love to awaken in many a seemingly dull face and rugged heart memories of better things long forgotten, or new-born hope of a higher life. Surely these first-fruits should encourage us to go on, and to look in this, as in wider fields, for a fuller harvest in God's good time.

From The Spectator.

THE FUTURE OF SIBERIA.

THREE hundred years have elapsed since the Russians made themselves an Asiatic power by the conquest of Siberia. About the year 1580, Irmak—a Cossack brigand of the Don—obtained permission from Ivan the Terrible to prosecute a war with the rulers of Siberia. With a band of eight hundred and fifty men, composed of Russians, Cossacks, and German and Polish prisoners of war, Irmak invaded Tobolsk, and overran the whole of the vast and inaccessible country as far eastward as the Obi. Irmak's successful career was cut short, but the Russian authority, established in much the same way as the Spanish had been in Mexico, endured. Siberia has always been neglected by the house of Romanoff. The reputation for supreme wretchedness clung to it long after official reports and the narrative of travellers had made it clear that it possessed enormous internal wealth, and that a considerable portion of it was thoroughly habitable during the whole of the year. When ex-governors

and foreign travellers were agreed that Siberia was a gem of rare value to the empire, and were seeking to bring their views prominently before the czar, the general opinion was still that that vast territory of Siberia, embracing the whole extent of northern Asia, was of no use save as a penal settlement. For all that is known to the contrary—and special knowledge is nothing if it does not correspond with facts—that view is still the prevailing one in the official world of Moscow and St. Petersburg. The change that has taken place within the last twenty years, and it is a very remarkable one, has not originated with the Imperial functionaries. It has sprung from the action of the Siberians themselves, four millions of people occupying an equal number of square miles. By their energy and labor, with incessant toil yet on their own resources—no foreign loan having been either invited or incurred—cities have risen where for generations there were only villages, and sometimes nothing but block-houses; great rivers are being navigated, a systematic plan of irrigation has been drawn up and in part carried out, and an extensive and growing trade has been fostered, until at last Siberia, the convict settlement, the bourn of the political enthusiast and the fanatic Socialist, the despair of families and the hope of none, has become not only a country with what is styled a future, but the province in Asia which holds forth the most promising prospect to the Russian people of affording a remunerative outlet for their energy and capital. There are many reasons for supposing that a considerable period must yet elapse before the Russian people will turn to Siberia for that which they have failed to obtain on any of the narrow seas that hem them in, viz., an outlet to the world beyond. But the process of internal improvement may be expected to continue, and it is to that and its probable expansion that we would here draw a little attention.

The river Yenisei divides Siberia into two distinct parts. That to the west of it is watered by its affluents and the Obi. It contains the towns Tobolsk, Omsk, and Tomsk among others. The railway between Ekaterinburg and Perm has brought improved means of communication to within a short distance of Tobolsk, and both the Irtysh and the Obi rivers, being navigable, a country as large as European Russia has therefore been opened up for colonization. What has been done to the south of this region in

Semipalatinsk should suffice to show how much could be accomplished in the more promising country lying northward on the banks of the Irtysh. The second part, to the east of the Yenisei, is watered by the Lena, the Amour, and their tributaries, and is considerably larger than the first. It contains, among others, the towns Irkutsk, Yakutsk, and Kiachta. A much larger portion of its surface is uncultivated than is the case in west Siberia, but there can be no doubt that it has the greater natural wealth of the two. Not to speak of the celebrated mines of Nerchinsk, the whole vicinity of Lake Baikal is a reservoir of coal, lead, iron, and other precious metals. The trade of Kiachta is the greatest in Siberia. That town is the key of the caravan route to Peking. The overland trade which is, and has been for a hundred years, carried on between China and the cities of Russia in Europe, all passes from Maimachin, the Chinese frontier town, to Kiachta, and thence through Siberia to Moscow and Nijni Novgorod. It is the one trade avenue of which Russia possesses undisputed possession. The cost of transport is so great, however, that no solid benefit is derived from the monopoly, and several generations must pass away before the two thousand miles that intervene between Orenburg and Kiachta will have been bridged by means of either a railway or steam-tramway. Schemes have, however, been proposed for the connection of the three chief rivers by means of a canal, to be flooded by the waters of the great Lake Baikal. There are sanguine people who believe that this could be achieved at a cost which, comparatively to the end to be obtained, would be insignificant; but, under the most favorable circumstances, it would be a matter of the greatest difficulty, not so much to construct the three short canals necessary as to make the upper courses of these rivers navigable, when once their volume of water had been increased from Lake Baikal. The first essential for the promotion of the welfare and material prosperity of Siberia is certainly the improvement of the means of communication, and the great rivers which find their origin in the Altai, and make their way to the icebergs of the Arctic Ocean, afford the most promising and the most economical mode of attaining the objects that are desired.

The successful journey of Professor Nordenskiöld serves to give more practical significance to the lessons that may

be deduced from considering the growing wealth and improving prospects of Siberia. The great rivers have acquired a fresh value to the inhabitants of that country, because they enable them to send their produce to the sea, — that sea which had ever before been an iron barrier both for them and for those who ventured into those waters from without. But it has now been conclusively shown that by the exercise of a large amount of skill, that barrier, can be pierced. For nearly three months in the year the barrier is no barrier, and thus sufficient time is obtained for a well-appointed steamer to make the journey to the mouth of, or even for some distance up, these rivers, take in its cargo, and return to London or any other European port. It is true that the ship must be properly equipped for the adventure, but that is a very small drawback. It is hardly necessary to insist upon the obvious fact that the most important consequence of the assured success of Professor Norden-skiöld's route would be the vast impulse it would give to the internal growth of a practically boundless country, capable of producing corn in almost inexhaustible quantities, and at a price fabulously cheap, and containing in its bosom mineral wealth of all descriptions, to which the mines of England would bear but a very insignificant proportion. The rivers mentioned are already navigated by steamers, and shippers need have no anxiety lest on reaching Yeniseik, or any of the other harbors, there should not be a sufficiently remunerative cargo to load their ships with. Not only would there be no difficulty or risk in this respect, but there is a magnificent market at those places for many English productions, and by way of an instance, it may be mentioned that salt, which sells in London for about fifteen shillings a ton, is purchased by the Siberians in any quantities at £15 for the same weight. In the course of time, should the trade prosper, as there is good reason to believe it will, there will certainly be seaports, worthy of the name, on that solitary northern shore. The resources of Siberia will be developed, and the surplus productions, not only of Russian territory, but also of Chinese, will seek the new vent that has been provided for them. It would be puerile to discuss the changes that such a revolution in the relations of countries might produce; but it may be expected that the views of the Russian government on the

subject of Siberia will now speedily undergo a considerable change. Russian energy must find a vent somewhere. No reasonable man can expect that one of the most rapidly advancing peoples in the world will always be reconciled to being shut in like a second-rate power. But from the admitted facts, it would almost seem as if Russian statesmen had purposely shut their eyes to the existence of the great field that has always been open to them in their country in their largest and eldest dependency.

From The Saturday Review.
TALL MUSIC.

MOST people are more or less familiar with the not unromantic story of Rouget de l'Isle and his thrilling composition. History repeats itself, and what happened a century ago in France has now happened again in New York City. Providence, according to that delightful print the *New York Herald*, has specially interfered to give to America a national anthem to rival, if not to surpass, "Yankee Doodle." The first intimation of this gratifying piece of news is conveyed in a head-note composed of these remarkable words: "COLUMBIA. Mr. P. S. Gilmore on his new National Anthem. An Angelic Inspiration. How it Came in the Night and was Wedded to Words." From the article which is heralded in this magnificent fashion we learn that Mr. P. S. Gilmore is "the well-known *maestro* and organizer of the Jubilee Festival," and that since it has been known that he has composed words and music for a new national anthem, "the greatest interest has been felt in the matter in musical and social circles. Excellent judges have declared that the composition is so full of merit that it will immediately become popular." Of course the first result of Mr. Gilmore's inspiration was a visit from a *Herald* reporter to Mr. Gilmore's residence, which is one "in which any person would love to linger." This is, perhaps, not only because of the comfort of the rooms, but also because their owner is "one of the most approachable gentlemen in his profession when it is desirable to obtain information for the public." *Herald* reporters bent on "interviewing" leading physicians have, we are glad to note, been somewhat freely snubbed of late; and possibly the person who loved to linger at Mr. Gilmore's had a keen recollection

of other persons who had been less approachable. In spite of his approachableness, Mr. Gilmore was driven to confess that he could not give any very intelligible account of his recent inspiration. He told the *Herald* reporter with frank apology that he had been in a state of mental excitement "such as I have never known in my career, and until this heaven-inspired production is presented to the public in the manner which I have planned I expect no rest." "But how," said the reporter, combining sympathy with business promptitude, "did this trouble originate?" The answer to this question would be so clearly spoilt by being paraphrased, that we propose to give the greater part of it in the inspired composer's own words, as set down by the "interviewer" who loved to linger with him.

It opens with melodramatic impressiveness. "I was lying on yonder lounge" (this reminds one of "Do you mark yonder gloomy cavern?") "in a half-dreamy mood, when suddenly there flashed upon me, complete in all its details, just like a perfect picture, a melody, a thought; I ran to my desk and put it on paper. Here! See! There is a change but in one note. There it is—the original, just as it came inspired by the angels. It isn't mine." (There is a fine and characteristic modesty about this.) "It has come from God. I am only the messenger. From that moment it assumed form, and to me possessed a soul. The melody filled my nature to a degree that I was unable to repress. Going to the Grand Opera House to attend the usual Sunday evening concert, I found myself still in the dream, charmed. I went through the direction of the music in a purely mechanical way, sometimes being obliged to count the movements of my own *bâton* to assure myself of my own identity." It would appear from this that the composer and "messenger" Mr. Gilmore, is in the habit on ordinary occasions of conducting his band without paying any attention to the number of movements made by "his own *bâton*"—a method which may possibly be a little confusing to the members of the orchestra. But then it is not every conductor who is favored with "angelic inspiration." "To tell you the truth," Mr. Gilmore continued confidentially, "I was not there at all." He conducted the band "automatically" through the overture to "William Tell," but he was really thinking all the time of his angelic melody. It is to be hoped that the band was as thoroughly versed in the art of automatic

movement as its director. When "the melody" first, in the words of the reporter, "presented itself," all Mr. Gilmore could say was "Thank God!" for he felt that it was a gift from above. He was then filled with a desire to wed this heavenly music to equally heavenly verse; and, after he had struggled for two or three days or nights with "something I know not what," there appeared to him "suddenly, as if by inspiration, the picture of America from her growth to the present time presented in verse." He sprang from a sleepless bed, and, more fortunate than Coleridge, wrote down the whole of his inspiration at once. "I transcribed," he said, "what has been sent to me by heaven. I believe it—yes; don't smile, it is immortal."

We now fall with startling and harlequin-like rapidity from heaven to earth. "How," asked the reporter, suddenly becoming prosaic, "do you propose to utilize this idea?" "In a business way," answered Mr. Gilmore, falling in with the changed mood of the *Herald*, "I have protected myself by copyright so far as the music is concerned." Patriotism, however, and recollection of heavenly goodness, "like an angel came" to soften the hardness of this utterance. "Wherever the words and music are combined in the schools," Mr. Gilmore added, "I shall be glad to have them used. Indeed I think there will be no public occasion on which after a while the stirring notes of my anthem will not be heard." This shows belief on the composer's own part in his powers; but a more practical proof of this is afforded by his assertion that the last verse is especially adapted for every reverential occasion, and that "for myself I sing it as my morning and evening prayer, and my family join me in using it as a part of our nightly praise to the Almighty." Mr. Gilmore then returned to his belief that his composition was one "of those happy thoughts that grow around a man when he is intellectually in the process of incubation," which, to judge from the context, is a less impressive way of saying that he thought he was inspired; and he added that when he had finished the work he felt as if he had lived fifty years. On this the reporter ventured to "infer that you do not regard this as a commercial enterprise?" "Not in the least," promptly answered Mr. Gilmore, flinging for the moment all thought of copyright in music to the winds. "I felt that the music and the words would make their mark on the face of time. They have been sent from

heaven, and are an inspiration. Such words and music never would have been given me if they were not intended for a great and beautiful mission." It is greatly to be regretted that the *Herald* has not been able or thought it well to publish the music of this remarkable production; but we may console ourselves by reflecting that, as both were inspired, we may judge of the quality of the one from that of the other, and that we are allowed to become acquainted with the words, of which the following are the first and last stanzas:—

I.

Columbia! First and fairest gem
On Nature's brow—a diadem,
Whose lustre, bright as heavenly star,
The light of Freedom sheds afar;
Like Noah's ark, a God-sent bark,
In search of land through day and dark,
First found thee held by Nature's child,
The red man in his wigwam, wild.

VII.

At morn, at noon, at eventide,
Oh, Lord! be ever at our side,
That we thy voice may always hear,
And feel that thou art ever near.
In mercy spare from grief and care
The nation bowed in fervent prayer,
Who ask with reverent love and awe,
God bless and save America!

We would call the special attention of our readers to the inspired rhyme in the last two lines. When the reporter had studied, and no doubt been properly impressed by, these remarkable lines, he asked if Mr. Gilmore expected to supplant such other airs as "Hail Columbia," "The Star-Spangled Banner," and "Red, White, and Blue." "Not at all," said Mr. Gilmore, with becoming modesty; but added, with just and conscious pride, "Yet neither of these airs is American. Nor are the words of the songs as effective as those which are presented in the heaven-born song I have handed to you. But I think there is an inspiration in 'Columbia' that will give it place wherever it may be heard." This, of course, remains to be seen, and we shall look with interest for the effect on the American public of the heaven-born song communicated to Mr. Gilmore while he was "lying on yonder lounge."

From The Spectator.

THE RULE OF THE OLD.

THE great interest of the address presented this week at Liverpool to Mr.

Gladstone, on his attaining the age of seventy, consists, to our minds, in the fact that it should have been presented at all. The ceremony is a most curious instance of the hold which the idea of age has gained over the minds of the English people. Those who proposed the address and prepared it and presented it must, whatever their other motives, have intended in offering it to imply that they thought it creditable in Mr. Gladstone to have reached seventy, that they liked statesmen of seventy, that they thought him, being seventy, on the whole, fitter to bear rule than if he had been sixty-nine. *Prima facie*, that is a little odd. It is, no doubt, a little difficult in this country to say at what age a statesman should be fairly accounted old, for though most men are elderly at sixty, and old at seventy, and decidedly aged at eighty, the difference between average lives and picked lives is very great, and statesmen, like judges and generals, are usually picked lives. The man who under our system can force his way to the top as a politician must have worked hard for thirty years, must have sat for many months in every year late into the night fighting with relays of opponents, must have borne many storms of unpleasant criticism, and must have kept his health unbroken under very difficult conditions. It is permitted to an English statesman to have gout, and he may be liable, without reproach, to bronchitis in spring, and hay-fever in autumn; but it is not permitted to him to be a valetudinarian in any other way. Work is expected of him, as it is of an actor; and if he is not constantly on the stage, he is very speedily forgotten or disliked. In other words, the English statesman who succeeds is usually a man with an exceptionally sound constitution, the faculty of keeping alive—which is as separate a faculty as good digestion—and a certain unweariableness of temperament not by any means given to everybody. Still, even among the limited class to whom all those privileges belong, a man at seventy is getting elderly, and to congratulate him on the fact, to parade instead of concealing it, to make it an occasion of boasting and of implied praise is, as we said, a little odd, more especially among a people with whom the reverence for old age, as old age, is on the whole rather slight, who have not any artificial respect for gray hairs, and who have never even tried to impose any criterion of age upon their legislators, except the unavoidable one that they shall not be mere boys, unable to sign a contract. It is, how-

ever, an oddity which is perfectly sincere. It is not possible to study the recent history of this country, without perceiving that the people like to be governed by elderly men, that youth has very little charm for them, that the influence of successful statesmen increases instead of declining with their years, and that dictatorships are most readily entrusted to men who are, we will not say aged, because that is not polite, but decidedly more than mature. Palmerston at fifty would not have been trusted by both parties. Many politicians in England are trusted by many different sections of the people, but the true sovereignty at this moment really depends upon a contest between an English Jew of seventy-four and a Scoto-Englishman now seventy. Rank is allowed, no doubt, to count for years, and so would service be, if service could be performed when statesmen are young, but years themselves tell most directly. The Irish feeling which takes no account of years, and the French feeling, which gives a distinct preference to vigorous manhood, is not the English feeling, which prefers that its rulers should be distinctly old, though if they are old, it counts signs of youth such as Mr. Gladstone's uprightness or Lord Beaconsfield's readiness in reply, or Lord Palmerston's indifference to bedtime, or Mr. Roebuck's perennial acidity, as points to be remembered in their favor.

In other words, we suppose the English feeling is that experience is valuable above all other qualifications. That very clever, half-appreciated novelist and essayist, Mr. Whitty, tried, in the best and worst of his productions, "Friends in Bohemia," to explain the fact by saying that the old govern, and that the old never quite trust any but their contemporaries; but all history disproves the saying. An old sovereign very rarely selects an old favorite. Youth charms age, not age, age; and even among popes, of whom Mr. Whitty was then speaking, for one who has trusted an old cardinal, ten have trusted nephews. It is experience which attracts the confidence of the mass of Englishmen, and makes it so difficult for the young to attain power, that a young man intrusted with it is, merely on account of his youth, liable to feel himself rather ridiculously placed, and to distrust his own impulses towards improvement, lest they should be accounted boyish. It is this feeling which supports the system for which English can afford us only the pedantic and preposterous word "gerontocracy," the usual rule of the old. Aris-

toocrats have a great place and plutocrats a great place in our society; but the ultimate sway, the condemnation or approval which makes politicians, remains with the men who have passed fifty-five. We say the House of Commons is full of millionaires, and so, no doubt, it is; but how many of them, even in this country of great inheritances, are millionaires of thirty? A young man occasionally wins power, as in the case of Pitt; but in England, in the regular order of things, power descends, as in papal elections, from old man to mature man, and from mature man to elderly man, until a fictitious opinion has actually solidified itself, under which men in public life are accounted "for statesmen young" at fifty-five and sixty; and great leaders, from whom we would all, if we could, have at least ten years of laborious and successful work, are congratulated on attaining seventy. At fifty nobody congratulated them, though at fifty they were presumably stronger men. We note the fact with no intention of raising any objection. The preachings of 1854 against "old fogeys," as supporters of the system which ended in the Crimean disasters, always struck us, though, like the rest of mankind, we were then twenty-five years younger, as a little absurd, more especially when the nation had turned for aid almost unanimously to a statesman over sixty. That the old lose energy may be true of the majority of mankind, though even that depends a good deal on the lives they have led, and the wine they have drunk, and the hereditary something which doctors know as the tendency to longevity, but it certainly is not true of the picked lives. Their energy is at least as great as that of the young. Not to go further back than the memory of this generation, we have seen Radetsky at eighty-three conquer Piedmont, and Palmerston at eighty-one dictator of England, and Earl Russell at fifty-nine expel Palmerston, and Lyndhurst at eighty-eight discomfit opponents by his oratory (on the paper duty), and King William of Prussia at seventy-three invade and conquer France, and Pio Nono at seventy-eight call a council of Christendom to change the Catholic Church from a co-operative aristocracy into a monarchy, and Thiers at seventy-four stand forward the one man with energy sufficient to control the parties and revive the energy of a defeated France. Lord Beaconsfield began to disturb the world at seventy, and at seventy his opponent, by feats of popular oratory without parallel in English history, seeks

to call public opinion to arms against the disturber. At seventy, Mr. Gladstone pronounces the speeches which might have been made by a whole cabinet, and the first objection raised against each one of them is, that it is too vehement, too energetic, marks a disposition to depart too widely from the accustomed groove. And if want of energy is not the fault of old age among picked lives, we scarcely know what is. It certainly is not want of caution. The old may adhere a little too closely to use and wont, and believe too fully in the experience of younger days; but that, in an age of change, when all beliefs are dissolving, and the democracy seems willing to sanction any change, so that it be but striking, is hardly an error, — is, perhaps, the most valuable of correctives, if we are not to break with history, and conduct the policy of the State as we would a ship on a voyage of discovery. Man is moving fast enough, even if the old retard his political progress; and we are not quite sure they do. That the old dislike change is a truism we have not authority sufficient to dispute, or space sufficient to discuss; but the political effect of that dislike is greatly modified by the fact that it is the old, and not the young, who perceive change most acutely. Let any young man of capacity talk to any old man of ability, and he will see that the senior recognizes changes in manners, in opinions, and in circumstances which he himself hardly perceives, and has a susceptibility, it may be a nervous susceptibility, both to their influence and their direction. That quality, possessed by men habitually accustomed to watch opinion, has the effect of rendering them sensitive; and it is constantly the old who decide that changes must be made which the young, in their inexperience, contend could have been averted. Lord Halifax is an old man now, but we would trust Lord Halifax to recognize the strength of a demand for a considerable change which Lord Roseberry would still dispute. It is not age, so much as the tenacity of opinion which belongs to aristocrats and men influenced by aristocrats, which gives the impression of immobility to English statesmen. The old, no doubt, as experience increases, grow more tolerant, perhaps too tolerant, and less disposed to believe they can realize utopia; but that arises from longer study of human nature, and is a quality, not a disqualification.

We doubt whether this preference for the old will disappear in our time. It might, if the revolutionary fervor seized

the people; but that is most improbable, English statesman never damming the stream till the waters overflow. It is more likely that the preference will appear to increase, owing to the grand difficulty of democracies, the impediments, some of them hardly intelligible, which impede their view of their own leading men. Except under circumstances of great peril, years elapse before great masses of men can see that they have, in a rising statesman, the especial agent they require, and years more before circumstances enable them to call him to power. The people understood Lord Palmerston years before they were sufficiently in earnest about him to disregard the distaste of the court, the doubts of the aristocracy, and the suspicions of foreign powers. In the thirteen years which have elapsed since the American Civil War, no statesman has been able to make himself visible enough to challenge General Grant at the polls with any hope of success. This is, no doubt, an extreme case, the Americans being segregated from each other by their State system; but in England the same difficulty exists in a lesser degree, and it is only those who can climb steadily and patiently for many years who can exert a really commanding influence on the people. Nothing has among them the effect of time except high rank, and even high rank is not exempt from the difficulties of invisibility. The people do not understand Lord Hartington yet, or Lord Salisbury; and in both the cabinets there is not, with the exception of Lord Beaconsfield, Mr. Gladstone, and possibly Mr. Bright, one figure who, if a presidential election were upon us to-morrow, would be clearly comprehended or entirely welcomed by the whole body of the people. In this country, popularity, no less than power, tends to accrete to the old.

From Nature.

THE ASSERTED ARTIFICIAL PRODUCTION OF THE DIAMOND.

PROF. MASKELYNE sends us the following letter on this subject:—

I should be obliged if you would accord me space in one of your columns in order that I may answer a great number of letters and applications which have pursued me during the past few days on a subject of some little public interest, that subject being the asserted formation of diamonds by a gentleman at Glasgow.

Some ten days ago I had heard nothing

whatever of the claim of Mr. Mactear, of the St. Rollox Works, Glasgow, to the artificial production of the diamond.

My name, however, was already in several newspapers as that of a person in whose hands the asserted diamonds had been placed for a decision as to their true nature. Ultimately a small watch-glass with a few microscopic crystalline particles came into my hands for this purpose from Mr. Warington Smyth, and subsequently a supply came to me direct from Mr. Mactear. I shall proceed to state the results I have obtained from the examination of these.

Out of the first supply I selected by far the largest particle, one about the one-fiftieth of an inch in length, and it may be that I wasted some time in experimenting on this particle, as it might not have been an authentic example of the "manufactured diamond," since it differed in some respects from the specimens I have since received direct from Mr. Mactear.

The diamond excels all substances in hardness. Its crystals belong to the cubic system, and should not, therefore, present the property of doubly refracting light. Frequently, however, from the influence of strains within the crystal due to inclosed gas bubbles, or other causes, diamonds are not entirely without action on a ray of polarized light sent through them. Finally, the diamond is pure carbon, and, as such, burns entirely away when heated to a sufficiently high temperature in the air, and more vividly so burns, or rather glows away, when heated in oxygen gas.

The specimens I had to experiment upon were too light to possess appreciable weight, too small even to see unless by very good eyesight or with a lens, yet were, nevertheless, sufficiently large to answer the three questions suggested by the above properties.

A few grains of the dust, for such the substance must be termed, were placed between a plate of topaz—a cleavage-face with its fine natural polish—and a polished surface of sapphire, and the two surfaces were carefully "worked" over each other with a view to the production of lines of abrasion from the particles between them. There was no abrasion. Ultimately the particles became bruised into a powder but without scratching even the topaz. They are not diamond.

Secondly, some particles more crystalline in appearance than the rest were mounted on a glass microscope slide and examined in the microscope with polarized light. They acted each and all pow-

erfully in the manner of a birefringent crystal. It seemed even in one or two of them that when they lay on their broadest surface (it can scarcely be called a "crystal-face") a principal section of the crystal was just slightly inclined to a flattish side of it in a manner that suggested its not being a crystal of any of the orthosymmetrical systems. Be that as it may, it is not a diamond.

Finally, I took two of these microscopic particles and exposed them to the intense heat of a table blow-pipe on a bit of platinum foil. They resisted this attempt to burn them. Then, for comparison, they were placed in contact with two little particles of diamond dust exceeding them in size, and the experiment was repeated. The result was that the diamond particles glowed and disappeared, while the little particle from Glasgow was as obstinate and as unacted on as before. I had previously treated the specimen I have alluded to as the first on which I experimented by making a similar attempt in a hard glass tube in a stream of oxygen, and the result was the same. Hence I conclude that the substance supposed to be artificially-formed diamond is not diamond and is not carbon, and I feel as confident in the results thus obtained from a few infinitesimal particles that can barely be measured and could only be weighed by an assay balance of the most refined delicacy, as if the experiments had been performed on crystals of appreciable size.

Not content with merely proving what these crystalline particles are not, I made an experiment to determine something about what they are.

Heated on platinum foil several times with ammonium fluoride, they became visibly more minute, and a slight reddish white incrustation was seen on the foil. At the suggestion of Dr. Flight, assistant in this department, a master in the craft of the chemical analyst, these little particles were left for the night in hydrofluoric acid in a platinum capsule. This morning they have disappeared, having become dissolved in the acid.

I have, therefore, no hesitation in declaring Mr. Mactear's "diamonds" not only not to be diamonds at all, but to consist of some crystallized silicate, possibly one resembling an augite, though it would be very rash to assert anything beyond the fact that they consist of a compound of silica, and possibly of more than one such compound.

The problem of the permutation of carbon from its ordinary opaque black condi-

tion into that in which it occurs in nature, as the limpid crystal of diamond, is still unsolved. That it will be solved no scientific mind can doubt, though the conditions necessary may prove to be very difficult to fulfil. It is possible that carbon, like metallic arsenic, passes directly into the condition of vapor from that of a solid, and that the condition for

its sublimation in the form of crystals, or its cooling into crystal diamond from the liquid state, is one involving a combination of high temperature and high pressure present in the depths of the earth's crust, but very difficult to establish in a laboratory experiment.

NEVIL STORY-MASKELYNE.

MODERN EXPLOSIVES.—Old-fashioned people, whose acquaintance with explosives is confined to a knowledge of gunpowder, have been startled by the appearance of late years of a whole army of new-fangled compounds, the names of which are alone sufficient to puzzle any ordinarily constituted mind. Gun-cotton, nitro-glycerine, dynamite, litho-fracteur, cotton-powder, tonite, glonoine, dualine, saxafragine, mataziette, glyoxiline, and blasting gelatine are among the names by which these new explosives have been brought forward; and to those little versed in such matters it seems well-nigh hopeless to attempt to keep pace in one's knowledge with a class of compounds that every day grows more and more extensive. We may know what gun-cotton is, and have a suspicion how nitro-glycerine is made, but beyond this most people do not go. It appears useless, indeed, to follow the science of explosives under such circumstances, for no sooner can you become acquainted with the nature and qualities of one than the morrow sees other and more curiously-named compounds spring into being. Gun-cotton is a nitro-compound in a solid form; nitro-glycerine is a nitro-compound in a liquid form, and of but these two the whole series I have mentioned consists. Cotton-powder is gun-cotton reduced to a fine state of division; and tonite is the same, with the admixture of a nitrate or similar body; dynamite is clay or other earth saturated with nitro-glycerine; and litho-fracteur, roughly speaking, is the same thing, with a little saltpetre and sulphur added. Dualine is small granules of gun-cotton soaked in nitro-glycerine; and blasting gelatine is not gelatine at all, but nitro-glycerine in which gun-cotton has been dissolved so as to form a sort of jelly. There is a yet more novel explosive compound—the newest of all—which consists of adding to this “gelatine” a further quantity of gun-cotton, making a sort of dough, whose destructive properties seem to combine those of gun-cotton and nitro-glycerine. Glonoine is simply another name for nitro-glycerine; and saxafragine and mataziette are *aliases* for dynamite. So that we really come down to two bodies, namely, gun-cotton and nitro-glycerine; and these may, as I have said, be regarded as the same, with the exception that one is solid and the other liquid.

Science for All.

THE CUCKOO.—The reason for the parasitic habits of the cuckoo is hard to discover, but it appears probable that the number of males greatly exceeds that of the females, and one observer has calculated that the preponderance of the former sex over the latter is so great as twenty-five to one. This would seem to be too large an estimate, but the proportion is probably about five males to one female. The latter may not only be distinguished by its somewhat darker plumage, and a certain red color on the chest (which is more apparent when the bird is alive), but has a somewhat different note from that of her mate, and calls *cuckoo* in a much sharper and less emphasized way than the male bird. Thus, if the call of the female be represented by the syllables *cück-oo*, the responsive utterance of the male would be *coo-coo*. The female has also another call-note, which may be described as “whit-ting,” and is well expressed by Brehm as *kwickwikwik*, the sound of which is quite sufficient to set all the male cuckoos within hearing cuckoo-ing with might and main. Thus it happened to the writer, on a still, quiet evening in spring a few years ago, to be fishing beneath a large elm-tree on the river Thames, when a female cuckoo flew into the topmost boughs and uttered her peculiar note. From four different points of the compass she was answered by male birds, who one and all directed their flight toward the tree where she was perched. A tremendous scrimmage ensued, and apparently a fight took place, but being suddenly alarmed, they all took flight in different directions. It is certain that during the breeding season the cuckoo is a very passionate bird, and loves to call until, from sheer hoarseness, he is obliged to stop; sometimes his cry comes from the middle of a thickly-wooded tree, at other times he will sit on a bare dead branch, or swing in the breeze from the top of a fir-tree. The female bird is more retiring and keeps nearer the ground, so that it is possible to shoot her by hiding behind a tree as she hunts after insects near one of their favorite haunts. The same plurality of males has been observed by the author during the spring at Avington Park, in Hampshire; and on one occasion, when the female was shot, the note of the males was scarcely heard again, as if they had disappeared from the vicinity.

Cassell's Natural History.